Serfojee Rajah 1817

THE Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

of the

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

LONDON.

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For APRIL, 1796.

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Viz. 1. An excellent Portraiture of *Eliza*, the Property of Mr. Wilſon; 2. Plate the Fifth of a Series of Etchings on the Subject of Hare-hunting.

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By E. Rider, Little Britain.

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TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

OUR Correspondents' Favours that do not appear in this Month's Magazine, ſhall have due regard paid to them in the next.

Some well written Theatrical Articles (too valuable to be curtailed) are poſtponed for want of room, until next Month.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For APRIL, 1796.

New Jockey Club.

NO. I.

His Royal Highneſs the Prince *of* Wales.

IN the following brief developement of the habits and elements of this elevated ſubject, we truſt it will be admitted, that it is our deſire to be candid, but not at the expence of either delicacy or truth: and under the influence of ſuch an impreſſion, his beſt friends need not be apprehenſive, when the qualities of his head or his heart are analized by the liberal.

As we profeſs to be more general than circumſtantial, in our obſervations, we ſhall ſelect the moſt prominent deeds of his life, and draw an inference from the whole. Few have been more deeply enſlaved by the tyranny of love, than his highneſs; his manly honour had ſcarcely budded upon ſociety, when he was faſcinated by the beauties of a public nymph, whoſe merits are unqueſtionably above the vulgar order: when time and ſatiety had deſtroyed her dominion, he wandered through the Cyprian grove, and, after touching every flower whoſe ſweets were in requeſt, his judgment aſſumed its proper powers, and he ſelected a lady, as the companion of his being, whoſe birth, lovelineſs, and accompliſhments, engaged the admiration of all claſſes of mankind; yet, from her embrace was he driven, by the ſtern voice of ſordid authority, and compelled to the manifeſtations of a paſſion for another, and, in this conflict, his peace might have foundered, had it not been ordained that ſhe ſhould poſſeſs the grace to triumph, in proportion as her merits were underſtood.

In the courſe of the preceding year, the Prince was forced into a ſtate of ſerious reſponſibility, and brought before the tribunal of the public, to whom his honour and peace were too wantonly committed, by thoſe who ſhould have ſhielded him, in ſuch an æra, from ſuch embarraſſments, and have acted from the higheſt motives of

regard for the ſovereignty of the country, and not from the affectation of a virtue which they did not poſſeſs. When this unpleaſant and *unneceſſary* event occurred, we commiſerated his feelings under thoſe accumulated indignities which were ſo ungenerouſly offered him; we ſay unneceſſary, becauſe, if General Smith's aſſertions in the Houſe of Commons, was correct, the Prince of Wales was entitled to the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall during his minority, which ſum, at the eſtabliſhed rate of intereſt, would have been nearly ſufficient to have liquidated all his debts; but thoſe revenues, it is ſuſpected, have been miſappropriated, to add ſtrength to that which was previouſly too ſtrong. The evils of this meaſure tended to the extinction of that ſplendour, in the ſtate of the Heir Apparent, which has been duly conſidered as eſſential to the dignity of the realm. The following account of his debts, was laid on the table of the Houſe of Commons on this occaſion:

	L.	S.	D.
Debts on various ſecurities and bearing intereſt,	500,571	19	1
Amounts of tradeſmens' bills unpaid, -	86,745	0	0
Tradeſmens' bills, and arrears of eſtabliſhment from the 10th of Oct. 1794, to April 5, 1795,	52,573	5	3
	639,890	4	4

During the contradictory debates in the ſenate, on this very unpopular theme, it became evident that his royal highneſs had been ſacrificed to what an intereſted miniſter might call exiſting policy; yet it aſſuredly befitted his Majeſty to conſider, how far the temporary degradation of his eldeſt ſon, might operate to reduce the general regards of the people towards a monarchical eſtabliſhment. We muſt not ſuppoſe, that the King is impreſſed with the conviction, that his avarice is heightened by his injuſtice, or that, ſooner than reſtore an embezzlement, he would immolate the character and feelings of his ſon: ſuch an idea would be too prepoſterous for adoption; of all the paſſions which agitate the human boſom, avarice is the moſt deſpicable, and the moſt fallacious: it impels its ſlave to ſacrifice the good of futurity to the indulgence of the moment, and, while it hoodwinks the underſtanding, it betrays the heart.

During his reſidence at Kempſhot, he captivated all who came within the ſphere of his obſervation: his gallantry to the ladies, and his civilities to the gentlemen, were of that gentle ſort, as connected love with felicity, and gratitude with veneration: yet, even in theſe amiable inſtances, his urbanity was ruinouſly communicative, inaſmuch, as it emboldened many to labour in the imitation of thoſe blandiſhments which prudence did not require them to equal; and many a Hampſhire 'ſquire became neceſſitous, in their improvident exertions, to entertain his highneſs with becoming reſpect; in the moment of their zeal, they forgot the neceſſary limits of their expenditure, and their regards for diſcretion, were abſorbed in the energies of attachment.

His paſſion for racing is evidently on the decline, if not wholly extinguiſhed: were we to attempt to aſcertain the true cauſe of this renunciation, we might be erroneous, as ſo many preſent themſelves, which might juſtify ſuch a perſonage at ſuch a period, in taking a ſimilar reſolution. The reſponſibility of a Prince, who is an heir apparent, is compoſed of a texture ſo much more delicate and valuable, than that of ordinary perſons,

that we ſhould neither be amazed nor diſpleaſed, when he narrows it as much as poſſible. Though the ſports of the turf are of a liberal tendency, and, generally conſidered, introductory of a national advantage, yet, perhaps, they may be more fitted to the faculties of thoſe whoſe honour is in their own keeping, than to him whoſe reputation is mingled with the peace and ſafety of the realm.

As none can be perfect, we ſhould not be faſtidious in our demands upon any, but eſpecially where youth and primary rank create an impulſe to act promptly, an obedience in ſociety to allow ſuch an act currency, which are equally ruinous to the firſt principles of wiſdom; in ſuch a character, ſo conſtituted, and ſo manifeſted, we ſhould allow much for his urbanity, much for his generoſity, and much more for his intention. The criterion of few actions is determinable, where ſin is not evident; and as thoſe may mean beſt who are the moſt unfortunate, ſo may they be the more amiable, who are viſibly the moſt indiſcreet.

CHARACTERISTICS *of* MODERN MEN *and* MANNERS.

Mores pro tempore mutandi.

THE abſolute neceſſity of politeneſs in ſociety, is now a point ſo thoroughly eſtabliſhed, that none, elevated above the vulgar, will preſume or venture to doubt, and not even the vulgar, ſo far as their coarſe principles of thought and action will permit them to diſtinguiſh: hence it is that a gentlemanly character is held in ſo great eſteem, that the blandiſhments of an exterior civility will frequently lead an individual to fortune, without the nobler qualifications reſulting from virtue and ſcience; but where all are concentrated, the pure homage of mankind dignifies his name, and renders him even dearer to himſelf; yet, notwithſtanding this conviction, how many are there among us, who apparently diſdain to be either *polite*, *wiſe*, or *virtuous*, though all appear diſſatisfied when they are denied that attention from the world, which is the legal tribute to the great and good, and that which is not *good*, cannot poſſibly be *great*!

JOHN WILKES.

THIS heterogeneous gentleman, has exiſted to prove the influence of cuſtom upon the human mind, and the ductility of the national intellect: he *affected* to ſell liberty to the multitude as a charlatan vends drugs, and, like him, thought himſelf not diſhoneſt, if the deleterious quality of the doſe, did not ruin thoſe for whom he preſcribed! In his youth, he *affected* to be a ſoldier, but had the ſaving grace to limit his operations to the bloodleſs fields of Britain, and when he ſtruck his tent, it may be preſumed, that Venus had more influence upon his imagination, than Mars upon his heart! Within the cloiſters of Midmenham Abbey, he *affected* to be a monk; but the claſſic poiſon of his education, had ſo tinctured him with paganiſm, that he occaſionally forgot himſelf, and roared in the deification of Bacchus, when he ſhould have given an oraiſon to his Reedeemer! In the bloom of manhood, and the zenith of his faculties, he parodied *Pope's* Eſſay on Man, in which he *affected* a more than ordinary piety; but, unluckily, his labours were ſo ill underſtood, that many believed, in his praiſes of female beauty and liberality, he had dimmed the luſtre of their moral character! He once *affected*

affected to worſhip the inſtitutes of *Magna Charta*, and was inhumanly exiled for the imagined bigotry, though it has been ſince proved, that his practice did not always aſſimilate with his received profeſſions of faith! On the abrogation of his outlawry, he became a citizen and a ſenator, and *affected* to hail the 9th of November as a Saturnalia, and the third eſtate as the temple of probity, notwithſtanding ſome are ſo illiberal as to make it a problem which he regards moſt—his country, his miſtreſs, his bottle, or his honour! He is now happily elevated above the mob, and regards the world, as *Eraſmus* did the prieſthood, with a ſentiment involving merriment and ſcorn; and yet, though all this were held to be true, would it be delicate to affirm, that his life had been a tiſſue of *affectation?*

The advantages reſulting from making the weak and the credulous believe they are greater than they are, has been often attended with the happieſt conſequences: a wiſe parent would rather perſuade, than chaſtiſe his offſpring into the practice of virtue: when the maſter-ſtring of the heart is touched with addreſs, the whole mind becomes obedient to your will!

When General Meadowswas in the Eaſt-Indies, he reproved a grenadier for neglect of duty, and thus addreſſed him:—When a grenadier brings diſgrace upon his corps, it is painful to me in the extreme. Why man," ſaid the General, ardently, clapping his hand upon the offender's ſhoulder, "do you know that a grenadier is the greateſt character in this world, and by G—d I believe in the next too!"

(To be continued.)

Account of the New Tragedy *of* Almeyda.

On Wedneſday evening, April the 20th, the new tragedy of Almeyda was performed the firſt time, at Drury-lane Theatre. The characters were thus repreſented—

Abdallah	Mr. Palmer
Ramirez	Mr. Aicken
Zoraſmyn	Mr. Wroughton
Alonzo	Mr. Kemble
Nouraſſin	Mr. Caulfield
Hamet	Mr. C. Kemble
Guard	Mr. Wentworth
Almeyda	Mrs. Siddons
Victoria	Mrs. Powell
Abra	Miſs Heard.

The firſt repreſentation of the above tragedy was before a moſt elegant and crowded audience, and received throughout with the warmeſt applauſe.

The ſcene lies in a caſtle (on the Grenada ſide of the Guadalquiver) which having fallen to the victorious arms of Ramirez king of Caſtile, Almeyda, then an infant, and daughter of Almanza, Sultan of Grenada, is put into the hands of Ramirez, as a hoſtage, together with the caſtle, for the good and future peaceable conduct of Almanza. She is tenderly brought up by Ramirez, and educated in a manner ſuitable to the heir of her father's crown. The play opens on her arrival at maturity after her father's death, when Ramirez, ſwayed by the principles of honour and juſtice, ſeats her on the throne of Grenada; and determines to retire with his army to his own kingdom of Caſtile, notwithſtanding he loves Almeyda with the tenderneſs of a parent, and is aware of the mutual and ſtrong paſſion that ſubſiſts between her and his eldeſt ſon, Alonzo. Her uncle Abdallah has governed in Grenada, during Almeyda's infancy, and is at once crafty,

crafty, ambitious, and remorſeleſs. He has previouſly prevailed on the council to fall in with his views, and aims at uniting her to his ſon Zoraſmyn, who the moment he ſees his youthful queen, becomes ſtrongly enamoured of her, but being as ſtrongly impreſſed with virtuous principles, as his father is with vicious ones, determines to win her confidence and eſteem by the moſt reſpectful attention; he hears her in an unguarded ſally, name her love for Alonzo, and though he is almoſt annihilated at the diſcovery, determines with a noble generoſity to prefer her happineſs to his own, and contribute to her wiſhes. Abdallah enraged at his ſon's giving way to his love rather than his ambition, declares his deſign to Almeyda, and harſhly informs her, that ſhe ſhall be Zoraſmyn's wife, or nothing. At this criſis, Alonzo arrives in the caſtle in diſguiſe, and Abdallah, through a grated lattice, overhears the converſation between Almeyda and Alonzo, and orders the latter inſtantly to a dungeon, where he tries to practiſe on his fears, and prevail with him to ſave his life, by engaging him to perſuade Almeyda to marry Zoraſmyn. Alonzo diſdains to render Almeyda miſerable on any terms, and braves the tyrant, who gives him a moment to reflect on the alternative. Zoraſmyn then enters, reconciles himſelf to his rival, takes off his chains, and aids his eſcape. They have ſcarcely left the priſon, when the queen and Hamet enters, and ſeeing the gate open through which ſtate criminals are devoted to deſtruction, and finding Alonzo's fetters, concluded the tyrant Abdallah, has executed his purpoſe. Almeyda goes diſtracted, and is led off by Zoraſmyn, who having ſeen Alonzo ſafe, returns, and finds the queen in that forlorn condition. Abdallah then aims to take advantage of the circumſtance, and ſeats his ſon on Almeyda's throne; the youth refuſes to act ſo baſely by the afflicted queen, whereupon his father endeavours to aſſume the crown himſelf, and to prevail on Almeyda to ſign her abdication of it; but the importance of the requeſt, recals her ſcattered ſenſes, and ſhe refuſes; he then, by means of artifice, makes her ſhare with him in ſwallowing a poiſoned potion, under pretence of its being a ſalutary medicine, and the tragedy ends with both their deaths.

This play is the production of Miſs Lee, author of the *Receſs*, and the comedy of the *Chapter of Accidents*. The ſcene and ſoliloquy of Alonzo in the priſon, is ſomewhat too long, and Mrs. Siddon's firſt frantic ſcene would have a ſtronger effect, if it were ſomewhat ſhortened.

It was ably acted in all its characters: Mrs. Siddons ſuſtained one of the moſt difficult parts the pen of a dramatic writer has yet allotted her, with uncommon command of her own uncommon talents: we never ſaw them more ſplendidly diſplayed. Alonzo is not a long part, but the little of it there is, is full of fire and fine writing, and Mr. Kemble did it ample juſtice. Palmer played with his wonted vigour, and Wroughton was animated and glowing as the ſentiments of his character were noble and magnanimous. Aicken's ſingle ſcene was very reſpectable, and Mrs. Powell kept her ground with him in point of merit.

The prologue was well ſpoken by Mr. Whitfield.

The epilogue, a moſt humourous one, was whimſically and well delivered

livered by Mr. King, in the character of a Town Crier. The points were many, and the idea of the whole of it original.

CHALLENGE.

Articles of the Peace exhibited in the Court of King's Bench.

EASTER TERM, 1796.

SIR Charles Rosse, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 37th regiment, exhibited articles of the peace against Ensign ——, of the same regiment.

The deposition stated, that Ensign ——, while serving on the Continent, had sent a challenge to Sir Charles Rosse, the commanding officer of the regiment, for which he was brought to a court-martial, and sentenced to be cashiered; to which his royal highness the Duke of York added a peremptory order, that he should quit the Continent, and no longer remain with the army.

Sir Charles Rosse having returned in England, was in the course of last December, walking in Bond-street, in company with Lieutenant-colonel Charles Bailey, at which time he was accosted by Ensign —— in the most insulting manner, and with the most opprobrious language, intended, as he verily believed, to provoke him to fight a duel; but, as he had never given any personal offence to Ensign ——, and as the Duke of York had announced, that any officer who should send a challenge to the said Ensign ——, or accept one from him, should, for so doing, be brought to a court-martial. On these accounts, he had thought proper to take no notice of the insult.

On another day, in that month, while walking in the same place, in company also with Lieutenant-colonel Bailey, he was again accosted in the like manner, and to the same effect, by Ensign —— when Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey attempted to strike him; which he, Sir Charles Rosse, prevented, for the reasons before assigned, and knowing that there was no cause for such conduct, in the hope and confidence that Ensign —— would see his error, and desist from repeating it.

Shortly after this last occurrence, Sir Charles Rosse, being at Bath, was, in his way to his own lodgings again accosted by the said Ensign —— in the same way, who further assaulted him, and struck him several times on the back. Upon this, he had thought proper, soon after, to have him apprehended, and brought before Mr. Addington, the magistrate, where, on examination, he said, that he was unhappy, and did not care what he did. He was thereupon committed, and the deponent, Sir Charles Rosse, was further induced to exhibit the present articles of peace against him.

The Court ordered him to give security for his good behaviour, himself in a recognizance of 2000l. and two securities in five hundred pounds each.

Plate the fifth, on the Subject of HARE HUNTING.

WE present our readers, this month, with the fifth plate on Hare-hunting. These etchings, in the eye of a connoisseur, are esteemed much more valuable than many of the most finished engravings. Another plate on this subject, completes the set.

Hare Hunting, Plate, 5th.

A TREATISE *on* FARRIERY, *with* ANATOMICAL PLATES.

(Continued from page 296, *vol.* 7.)

THIS done, add a pint of mountain to the whole, and then divide it into four parts, for two days; and then let it be made fresh again. These may be continued six or seven days, or till the fever abates. Or,

Take myrrh, bay-berries, contrayervaroot, Virginia snake-root, and castor, of each an ounce; saffron and camphire, of each three drams; of powder of liquorice, two ounces: make them into a paste with oil of amber, for four balls, to be given as before.

Take the leaves of angelica, water germander, and rue, of each an ounce; camomile flowers and gentian, of each half an ounce; saffron and salt of wormwood, of each two drams: put them into an earthen pan, and pour two quarts of boiling water thereon, and when it is cold, pour off the infusion, and then add a pint of mountain wine, to be given after the ball, as the former.

When the horse has so far recovered his strength, that he is fit to be taken out of the stable, lead him into the open air, which will contribute greatly to his speedy recovery.

Costiveness is bad in all diseases, but more particularly those of the head, and fevers; and therefore, whenever you find the horse in this condition, you must have recourse to some one of the emollient clysters before prescribed. If this should prove insufficient, as it seldom does, you may put four ounces of Epsom salt in one of his drenches, which will have a good effect without raising commotions in the blood. If on the contrary, a looseness should happen, it is often critical, and therefore should not be stopped immediately. But if it continues long, put diascordium in the first ball, instead of the mithridate. But if it turns to a downright looseness, you must have recourse to the medicines under that title.

When a horse pisses too much, let all his drink be made with lime water instead of common water, which will generally succeed. On the contrary, if he stales too little, give him the following ball:

Take juniper-berries pounded, Venice treacle and hoglice, of each an ounce; make them up into a ball with oil of amber.

Gibson prescribes an ounce of saltpetre instead of the hoglice, but that is too cold in this disease, and may do a great deal more harm than good. When his legs and body begin to swell, this must be repeated three or four times at proper intervals, with a pint of the decoction of parsley root, or fennel root, in spring water. It is made with three ounces of the roots to three pints of water, boiling them so that a quart of the liquor may remain when strained, and sweeten it with six ounces of honey. Take care to leave it off as soon as the symptoms cease.

When, besides the symptoms already mentioned, the horse has cold fits, attended with trembling, an inward soreness, a running at the nose and eyes, with a very great heaviness and oppression, these are signs of greater malignity and that the blood and humours are in a high putrid state, which creates a stagnation in the capillary tubes, a coagulation of the fluids, and which will be followed with their extravasation from a rupture of the vessels. If this should happen in the skin, and turn to scabby eruptions, it denotes the change of the disease from acute to chronic;

nic; but when it happens internally, which can only be known by gueſs, a lingering death will enſue.

In this caſe there can be nothing better for a horſe than camphire, which has been already preſcribed, and which with contrayerva, ſnake root, and caſtor, will be excellent in this degree of the diſeaſe. But then the doſes ſhould be larger; and inſtead of dividing the maſs into four balls, it is better to make them into three. The drink needs no amendment, for it cannot be detrimental whatever ſymptoms appear, and may do a great deal of good; nor have we any reaſon to deſpair of recovery by theſe means.

But in this degree of the diſeaſe it ought to be remembered, that there is always an ichorous diſcoloured matter, which ſometimes looks reddiſh, or of a duſky green: it is of a very clammy viſcid nature, and will ſtick to the inſide of the noſtrils. Now if this matter becomes thin, and has the appearance of clear water, and when the horſe falls away at the ſame time without being hide-bound, it is a certain ſign that he will recover, and then you need only continue the medicines a few days longer.

But if the matter continues to ſtick to the inſide of the noſtrils, and he ſeems to blow through them with difficulty, at the ſame time ſnivelling and ſneezing, we ſhall have great reaſon to apprehend the conſequence, and there can be no hopes but in the ſpeedy uſe of the things above preſcribed. If beſides theſe ſymptoms the horſe becomes hide-bound, keeps his fleſh, forſakes his meat, grows more weak and feeble; if his joints ſwell, and the kernels under his jaws are tumid and feel looſe; if his breath ſmells ſtrong, if his tail is raiſed and quivers, if his eyes look fixed and dead, if his excrements are a fetid dark coloured matter, his caſe his deſperate, and any farther charge will be loſt upon him; nor is it worth while to make any farther attempt to ſave him, it being altogether beyond the power of medicine.

The ſigns of recovery are, when the ſkin of the horſe feels kindly, and not hide-bound though he has fallen away, his eyes begin to look briſk and lively, his appetite grows better, the running of his noſe ceaſes and becomes quite dry, his excrements and urine are both voided in the ſame manner as before he was taken ill, he lies down and takes his reſt without any uneaſineſs; if he happens to have breakings out in the ſkin at this time it is no bad ſymptom, but on the contrary may prove very beneficial. Now medicines are of no farther uſe, and the completion of the cure depends upon due care and management, which conſiſt in ſupplying him with ſuitable diet and convenient exerciſe. We may well ſuppoſe that every tedious diſtemper weakens the digeſtive faculties, and conſequently that a horſe is not able of a ſudden to concoct the ſame quantity of meat as before he was ill; conſequently it muſt be very imprudent to allow him as large feeds now when he is weak, as were given him when he was well. I know the deſign of it is to bring him to his fleſh and ſtrength the ſooner; but this is a great miſtake, and is like to cauſe the diſeaſe to return: for though a horſe's ſtomach is craving, and he ſeems greedy of food, yet as he will not be able to digeſt it ſo as to enlarge the quantity of good chyle, he muſt neceſſarily generate crudities, which may cauſe a relapſe, or at leaſt throw him into a ſurfeit, which may prove as bad. Hence the neceſſity appears of feeding ſparingly at firſt, and of giving him provender

der by little and little, in proportion to his ſtrength. He ſhould be likewiſe aired every day; for freſh air is as neceſſary to reſtore all the functions as a convenient repaſt, as is evident to all who know what a ſpeedy effect the change of air has on the human ſpecies for the recovery of their health. And then gentle exerciſe, encreaſed by degrees, will bring him to his wind and his fleſh: and this is done by promoting a due diſtribution of the chyle, and a regular circulation of the fluids.

OF CONTAGIOUS DISTEMPERS AND EPIDEMICAL FEVERS.

EPIDEMICAL diſtempers are allowed on all hands to proceed from the air, or rather from deleterious particles contained therein. Theſe may be of a fermentative, putrid, or cauſtic nature. Such particles may proceed from corrupt ſtagnating water, which exhale therefrom and float in the air; for all waters without motion will ſoon turn putrid by the heat of the ſun, and ſend off noxious effluvia. Thus all water, though at firſt never ſo pure, and at a diſtance from any thing that may hurt it, is ſo full of ſulphureous and earthly particles acquired from the earth, that by reſt and the heat of the ſun it will ſoon grow muſty and fetid, as we may ſee in all marſhy places.

The effluvia of marſhy and corrupted waters, being elevated into the air, generate fevers of the worſt kind; for which reaſon they often follow the overflowing of the waters or land-floods. Thus we ſee that no nation in the world is more afflicted with epidemical diſeaſes than Egypt, which is owing to the overflowing of the Nile: and it has been found by experience, that unleſs the flood is much greater than uſual, ſo as to lay the whole country under water, the plague never appears among the inhabitants: for in this caſe, as the country becomes one continual marſh, and is ſubject to ſouth winds at that time, with a violent heat of the ſun, the putrid exhalations fill the air, and create ſevere peſtilential diſeaſes: and what makes this more plain is, that the moſt violent heats alone never produce the plague. At Alexandria, the people are always troubled with bad fevers in the autumnal ſeaſon, becauſe they let the waters of the Nile into ciſterns under their houſes, which growing corrupt and putrid, conſtantly produce theſe diſeaſes.

We may likewiſe obſerve in our own country, that great land floods often create acute epidemical diſeaſes of a malignant kind. For the ſame reaſon, long rainy ſeaſons, accompanied with a ſouth wind, are very unwholeſome, eſpecially if theſe are ſucceeded with a great heat at firſt, and cold weather afterwards; and if this happens in the ſpring or autumn it is the worſe. Perhaps ſtagnating waters would not have ſuch terrible effects alone, if they did not produce ſuch a prodigious quantity of pernicious inſects at the ſame time, which were always looked upon as the cauſe and forerunners of epidemical diſeaſes.

The air being an univerſal menſtruum by its expanſive elaſticforce, and by its hot etherial matter diſſolves the more ſubtile parts of all bodies, which producing exhalations of various kinds, do, by their mutual conflict, combination, and mixture, and alſo by the aſſiſtance of the ſun, put on various forms and textures. Thus the air is always full of ſaline, ſulphureous particles, as well as nitre, which is an inflammable elaſtic ſalt; and therefore it is no wonder that thoſe, being mixt with the different exhalations which proceed from the earth in

different ſeaſons of the year, and according to the different operations of the ſun and winds, ſhould produce various concretions, which being received into the bodies of animals, ſhould cauſe different kinds of epidemical diſtempers, which are only to be known by their ſymptoms and not by any preceding diſpoſition of the air or weather. However, we are certain that they chiefly produce their effects in the evening and in the night, when the vapours are condenſed by the cold and moiſture, and ſo deſcend nearer the earth. Hence we find that dews, miſts and fogs are not only pernicious to animals, but to the fruits of the earth. The terrible effects which milldews produce in plants, herbs and trees, is but too well known to every country farmer. Beſides, the damage they do the fruits of the earth is not all, for animals that feed upon them are often afflicted with various diſeaſes.

The air does not only abound with deleterious effluvia, but with animalcules, eſpecially in the night, which are ſucked into the body by the breath. This chiefly happens near ſtagnating waters and marſhy grounds, for theſe places are the ſeminaries of ſuch ſort of inſects. Their prodigious ſmallneſs muſt be evident to all thoſe who have made uſe of a microſcope properly. Lewenhoeck affirms, that many hundreds of theſe are not equai to a grain of ſand, and therefore it is no wonder the eggs ſhould be carried about in the air. That this is the caſe, is plain, from the dews which fall upon the fruits, herbs, and plants, from whence a great number of ſmall inſects and worms ariſe, as is well known to gardeners and huſbandmen: and alſo that when quadrupeds feed upon theſe infected vegetables, they either fall ſick or die immediately. Therefore ſince theſe ſorts of dews are ſo pernicious, it would be well if horſes were ſheltered in the night from theſe dangerous accidents at ſome ſeaſons of the year. For it is well known, that if the inhabitants of Rome happen to ſleep out of the city in the night time, they are often ſeized with grievous ſymptoms, and many of them die, which is owing to the vaſt number of inſects wherewith the Roman air is infected, and which fall down with the nocturnal dews.

Though what has been hitherto premiſed may be thought principally to relate to mankind, yet we may ſafely conclude that all quadrupeds are concerned more or leſs, I mean thoſe that feed upon vegetables; for whenever the graſs is contaminated with inſects or otherwiſe, they are moſt likely to ſhare immediately in their dangerous effects. And perhaps if this reaſoning was more carefully attended to, we ſhould be able to give a better account of epidemical diſeaſes among ſheep, horned cattle, and horſes, than has been hitherto done: for horſes as well as men are often ſubject to epidemical fevers from ſuch cauſes as theſe, which become infectious, and approach nearly to the peſtilential kind. Hence, in turning over the chronological hiſtories of our own country, we ſhall often meet with diſeaſes that are there called a murrain, which have ſwept away a vaſt number of horſes, like a real plague. However, there are many epidemical diſeaſes of a very ſlight nature, which ſeize great numbers at once, and yet paſs off without the aſſiſtance of medicine.

The worſt fevers of this kind which we meet with at preſent, begin with a ſeeming ſtupidity, ſwelling of the eyes, eye-lids, and the kernels near the ears and throat, with a plentiful running from the noſtrils, which is of a duſky colour:

the ſame kind of matter is alſo voided by the mouth, of a diſagreeable ſtinking ſmell. The limbs, and particularly the joints, are affected with ſudden large ſwellings, which are often attended with the ſtaggers, reſembling an apoplexy. This diſtemper happens very ſeldom, but when it does, it is to be treated, as in the former ſection, with Virginian ſnake root, contrayerva root, camphire, mithridate, caſtor, &c.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL CHACE, *in* EASTER WEEK.

WINDSOR Foreſt has this week exceeded, in ſport, all our former reports. No deſcription of ours can do juſtice to the almoſt incredible runs of Monday and Thurſday. The concourſe of people, on Monday, at turning out the ſtag upon Aſcot Heath, was immenſe; and the running proved deſtructive to many horſes not calculated, or in condition for the field.

Soon after turning out the deer, the hounds broke away in moſt aſtoniſhing ſtyle, and, in the firſt ten miles the *ſlow going* gentlemen formed a tier of at leaſt four of the ten; upon reaching Blackwater, the deer turned to the right, paſſed through Sandhurſt and Finchampſtead; bearing ſtill the ſame way. he made Wokingham town end where, ſuddenly turning to the left, he continued his route in a moſt gallant and uncontrouled manner, through Barkham, Farley Hill, Mortimer, &c. and was taken at Aldermaſton, near Newbury, after one of the moſt violent chaces ever remembered, of four hours and a quarter; during which, more than forty miles was run over, and different ſportſmen had upwards of thirty miles home. His Majeſty (who was up before the deer was houſed) did not reach Windſor till half paſt ſeven, where much anxiety was experienced for his ſafety. Many horſes were crippled by the hardneſs of the ground, whilst others were left in different parts of the country in a ſtate of uncertainty. The inns at Wokingham, Heckfield, &c. were full of invalids, and the poſt chaiſes generally employed in carrying home the owners.

Thurſday, his Majeſty, attended by Lords Sandwich and Walſingham, reached the ſtarting poſt at half paſt ten, when a beautiful little deer (called Sir Henry Gott) was turned out in the bottom, and equalled in ſpeed, at going off, any thing of the kind ever before ſeen. About ten minutes law being given, the hounds were laid on, and afforded a burſt beyond the power of literary deſcription. The ſcent lying wonderfully well, after the rain, none but thorough bred horſes could lay any where near the hounds for the firſt hour and half. Not a check took place, nor could the hounds be but once ſtopped during that time, running nearly the ſame ground as the deer on Monday, till he made Wokingham, he paſſed cloſe to the gardens of that town, over Frog Hall Green, Binfield, Warfield, the Hazes, Shotteſbrook Coverts, Bray Wick, &c. and was taken at Holyport, after a chace of four hours as fine running as ever was known by the oldeſt ſportſmen in the field.

On Saturday, circumſtances ſeemed in direct combination to terminate one of the richeſt ſporting weeks ever remembered within the circle of Windſor Foreſt: the beauty of the morning, the briliancy of the company, and the ſpirits of his Majeſty, could only be equalled by the ſcene that enſued. An own brother to the deer of Thurſday,

Thursday (originally presented to the Prince of Wales, by Sir H. Gott, and by his Royal Highness to the King), was turned out in the bottom, near the race course, precisely at eleven, when, after the usual prelude of *horns*, re-echoed by the *hounds*, they were drawn up to the spot, and a scene commenced too rich for recital. Without waiting to be pressed the deer in the true style of the week faced the open country, setting his pursuers at defiance with a speed and gallantry beyond description. After a ring upon the heath, by Sunning Hill Park, he passed Sunning Hill Wells, Brummel Hut, and through Potnall's Warren, where he turned to the left, and made the Bridge at Virginia Water, and here waited till the hounds came pretty near up, when taking *fresh leave*, in a way seemingly unconcerned, he took the whole of the swampy country (leaping all those incredible fences) to Thorpe Green; and leaving Chertsey on the right, passed over all the string of meadows to, and crossed the Thames, through the common fields to Staines. Here he amused the inhabitants in their different gardens and orchards, where deer and hounds were repeatedly together, and his escape seemed almost impossible, when, by leaps of unprecedented height, and exertions of uncommon strength, he once more broke view, crossed the turnpike road, and led the chace in as high style as at first starting; when running through the inclosures of Wyradsbury to near Colnbrook, he continued bearing to the right, and was taken in the parish of Stanwell, after two hours and a half of as fine running as on either of the days we have already described; but the company was so numerous, and the major part of the horses so deficient in speed, that the very few originally up at the saving of the deer, were soon increased to a little multitude, by those who were thrown out, and continued to pour in from every quarter of the country.

It is a curious circumstance to note, that his Majesty's horses were so knocked up in the first chace, that he was reduced to the necessity of riding from Aldermaston (where the deer was taken) to Reading, in a *taxed* cart, there being no preferable mode of conveyance to be had.

A Copy *of the late* Act *for the Preservation of* Game *in England, March* 24, 1796.

"WHEREAS an act was passed in the second year of the reign of his present Majesty, intituled, *An Act for the better Preservation of the Game in that part of Great Britain called England*, whereby it is, among other things, enacted, that no person or persons, after the first day of June, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-two, shall, upon any pretence whatsoever, take, kill, destroy, carry, sell, buy, or have in his, her, or their possession or use, any partridge, between the twelfth day of February and the first day of September in any year, under the penalty by the said act laid and imposed: and whereas the searching for, taking, and killing of partridges so early in the year as the first day of September, has been found very prejudicial to the corn then growing or uncut, or cut and not carried; may it therefore please your Majesty that it be enacted; and be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That, from and after the passing of this act, so much of the said act as relates

relates to the taking, killing, destroying, using, or having, any partridge before the first day of September in any year, shall be, and the same is hereby declared to be repealed.

"II. And be it further enacted, That, from and after the passing of this act, no person or persons shall, on any pretence whatsoever, take, kill, destroy, carry, sell, buy, or have in his, her, or their possession or use, any partridge, between the 12th day of February, and the 14th day of September in any year; and if any person or persons shall transgress this act in the case aforesaid, every such person shall be liable to the same penalty as by the said act is laid and imposed on any person or persons transgressing the same; such penalty to be imposed, inflicted, recovered, applied, and disposed of, in such and the same manner, and under such and the same rules, regulations, and restrictions, as in and by the said act is provided and directed, with respect to the penalty thereby imposed on persons transgressing the said act."

Female Fashions *in* Paris.

*** *A due consideration for the amusement and information of our fair countrywomen, induces us to insert the following article from Paris.*

"THE following are the raging fashions in the French capital at the present time:

Robe a la lydie.—This dress is made to come from the neck to the ground in a long train. The waist can be made short or long at pleasure; the sleeves are so contrived, that they can be worn either down to the wrists, or tucked up above the elbow. The arms are ornamented with a bracelet *a la Turé*; and the robe forms a drapery on the breast in the shape of a heart. Sometimes a waistcoat *a la Sultan* is worn over the waist, and forms a girdle at bottom; this dress is very new and very elegant.

Robe a la Thesee.—This is a dress very much admired for its simplicity; it is open at the neck, the waist is formed by a lacing made with great art, and gives an infinite grace and elegance to the shape; a light mantle is worn on the back, which can be taken up, or flow loose at pleasure.

Riding Coat a la Pallas.—This dress makes the waist appear very neat and elegant, the lappel *a la Minerve*, is made to go round the breast and shoulders in a drapery, and fastens with buttons at the throat.

Chemise a l'Indienne.—This is a beautiful undress; the waist is formed by plaits artfully arranged, and by bows of ribband; the train falls to the ground in an elegant drapery; it is made of delicate clear lawn.

Robe Economique.—Forming at pleasure three kind of dresses—an half dress, a dress for the country, and a riding dress."

Characteristic *of Mr.* Charles Fox.

(From Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works.)

"THE MAN of the PEOPLE escaped from the tumult, the bloody tumult of the Westminster election, to the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, and I was informed that he was arrived at the Lion d'Or. I sent a compliment, he answered it in person, and settled at my house for the remainder of the day. I have eat, drank, and conversed, and sat up all

all night with Fox in England, but it never has happened, perhaps it never can happen again, that I ſhould enjoy him as I did that day, alone, from ten in the morning till ten at night. Our converſation never flagged a moment; and he ſeemed thoroughly pleaſed with the place and with his company. We had little politics; though he gave me, in a few words, *ſuch a character of* Pitt, as one great man ſhould give of another his rival; much of books, from my *own*, on which he flattered me very pleaſantly, to Homer and the Arabian Nights; much about the country, my garden (which he underſtands far better than I do), and, upon the whole, I think he envies me, and would do ſo were he miniſter. The next morning I gave him a guide to walk him about the town and country, and invited ſome company to meet him at dinner. The following day he continued his journey to Bern and Zurich, and I have heard of him by various means. The people gaze on him as a prodigy, but he ſhews little inclination to converſe with them." *Vol. I. p.* 192.

A Trial *in* Ireland *on a* Sporting Subject.

April 6, 1796.

A RECORD came on to be tried laſt week, at the county of Down aſſizes, wherein Robert Hunter was plaintiff, and Thomas Fulton, defendant, for the recovery of the ſum of 17l. 1s. 3d. alledged to be won by the plaintiff from the defendant, upon the event of a race run over the Maze courſe on the Wedneſday of the laſt July meeting.

It appeared the defendant propoſed the wager, and the plaintiff accepted the ſame on the Monday preceding the race on their return from the race ground, the defendant taking the horſe Goldfinder, againſt the field.—Goldfinder, it was proved, loſt the race; but the defendant conceiving himſelf not bound to pay the ſum he had betted, came to trial, and reſted his defence upon intoxication on his part, when he propoſed and agreed to the wager. He produced evidences to this effect, but their teſtimonies were rebutted by ſeveral of the oppoſite ſide. The judge (the Hon. Baron Downes) delivered his opinion, that if the jury cónſidered the wager fairly taken and won, they ſhould find for the plaintiff, and if otherwiſe, for the defendant. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with the coſts of ſuit.

VORTIGERN.

Drury Lane, April 2.

THE name of Shakeſpeare being attached to this play, naturally created an intereſt in the breaſt of every admirer of that ſublime and immortal bard; accordingly, the firſt (and in all probability, the *laſt)* repreſentation of it, on Saturday evening, was attended by the moſt numerous and reſpectable audience we ever witneſſed. All the avenues leading to the theatre were crowded at an early hour, and thouſands were forced to return, who could not, from the immenſe crowd, gain admittance into any part of the houſe. The following hand-bill was diſperſed among the multitude at the ſeveral doors:

"A *malevolent* and *impotent* attack on the Shakeſpeare MSS. having appeared, on the EVE of repreſentation of the play of VORTIGERN, evidently intended to injure the intereſt of the proprietor of the MSS. Mr. Ireland feels it impoſſible within the ſhort ſpace of time that intervenes between the publiſhing and the repreſentation, to produce an anſwer to the moſt illiberal and un-

unfounded aſſertions in Mr. Malone's enquiry; he is therefore induced to requeſt that the play of VORTIGERN may be heard with that *candour* that has ever diſtinguiſhed a *Britiſh audience.*

This requeſt was ſcrupulouſly attended to by the audience, for a more candid or liberal hearing was never beſtowed on any piece within our recollection: and it was not until their patience was exhauſted at the wretched and miſerable attempts to imitate the ſtyle of the glorious ſovereign of the drama, without the moſt diſtant appearance of even a ſingle ſpark of that fire which animates all his productions, that his admirers, indignant at the weak effort to dim his brilliancy, and tarniſh his fair fame, ſhewed any reſentment to the puerile impoſition.

On entering the theatre, we prepared ourſelves to witneſs a well-written play, from a ſtrong impreſſion, that if the piece was not from the immortal pen of Shakeſpeare, no man would be hardy enough to bring it out under *his* name, unleſs it was poſſeſſed of ſome qualities, if not equal to any of thoſe which characteriſe the writings of that unrivalled poet, at leaſt of ſuch a nature as to render it capable of being endured by a Britiſh auditory. In this expectation, however, we found ourſelves much diſappointed, not having been able to trace a ſingle ſcene worthy the pen of any of our modern authors, or that boaſted the leaſt originality of incident, plot, or imagination.

We ſhall now proceed to give our readers ſome idea of the merits of this production, of which the *dramatis perſonæ* were as follow:

Vortigern	—	Mr. Kemble
Conſtantius	—	Mr. Benſley
Vortimerus, ſon of Vortigern	—	Mr. Whitfield
Catagrinus, ditto		Mr. Trueman
Paſcentius, ditto		Mr. C. Kemble
Aurelius, ſon of Conſtantius	—	Mr. Barrymore
Uter, ditto	—	Mr. Caulfield
Fool	—	Mr. King
Hengiſt	—	Mr. Benſon
Horſus	—	Mr. Phillimore
Rowena, daughter of Hengiſt	—	Miſs Miller
Flavia, daughter of Vortigern	—	Mrs. Jordon
Edmunda, wife of Vortigern	—	Mrs. Powell

Barons, Attendants, &c.

With reſpect to the buſineſs of the piece, it commences with a propoſal on the part of the old king Conſtantius, who is weary of and unequal, from his advanced age, to the direction of the government, that Vortigern, in reward for his ſervices, ſhould ſhare with him his diadem. Vortigern with feigned reluctance, yields to his commands; but is no ſooner inducted into power, than giving looſe to his ambition, he reſolves on the death of Conſtantius, and employs two deſperate wretches to effect his purpoſe. Imputing the murder to ſome Scots, then at court, he cauſes them to be apprehended, and diſpatches meſſengers to Aurelius, and his brother, then at Rome, urging their return, to eaſe him of the anxious taſk of ruling; ſending, however, a truſty ſervant to aſſaſſinate them. Eſcaping the intended danger, they fly to Scotland, and readily raiſe a formidable army, with which they invade England. Vortigern, to reſiſt the impending torrent, calls in the aid of Hengiſt, the Saxon, and in order to ſtrengthen their union, by a marriage with Hengiſt's daughter Rowena, divorces his wife Edmunda: this act diſguſts many of the courtiers; they fly to Aurelius, who, after ſome engagements, is triumphant; he, however, ſpares the life of Vortigern, and marries Flavia, of whom he had been long enamoured.

Such is the basis of this play, on which an able architect might, no doubt, have built a solid structure; instead of which we find it weakly and clumsily run up, and discover a wretched attempt to steal from the magnificent edifices of Shakespeare, not indeed their Corinthian capitals (for they are beyond the reach of every pigmy plunderer), but of some of the pillars on which he mounted his works to that state of unparaleled eminence and grandeur, which is the honest boast of Englishmen, and the admiration of the world.

Thus we find the plot and the incidents glaringly taken from Macbeth, Richard, Henry the Eighth, Lear, and As You Like It; but, alas! where are we to look for that force of language, that depth of expression, that brilliancy of imagination, that nobleness of thought, that penetrating fire, that enlivening spark, that fondness of wit, that glowing metaphor, that *multum in parvo*, with which we are wont to be animated and enraptured in those exquisite productions? In *Vortigern?*—No, no—the exhilarating stream of the Avon have here forsaken their course, and nothing but dregs and mud are found for the explorers of merit to wade through.

The following are a few specimens of the language:

When Vortigern receives from Constantius the half of his kingly power, among other *sublime* expressions, he says, that the diadem fits as aukwardly on him as a *tight coat.* After the murder of the king, he bids his barons dry their tears,

'And mark how stands th' account 'twixt man and death.
'First cometh meagre and ling'ring disease,
'Hobbling a crutch, and wheezing out his breath,
'Till with a gentle trip this bony spectre
'Sends him on tott'ring to his mother earth."

In another part, he says, "My soul stuffs up my body," and "Times, like a jarring viol, now wear a dreary aspect." The following speech, in the last act, is one of the best in the piece:

'———————Oh, sovereign death!
'That hast for thy domain this world immense;
Church-yards and charnel-houses are thy haunts,
'And *hospitals* thy sumptuous palaces;
'And when thou would'st be merry, thou dost chuse,
'The gaudy chamber of a dying king:
'Oh! then thou dost ope wide thy boney jaws,
'And with rude laughter, and fantastic tricks,
'Thou clasp'st thy rattling fingers to thy sides:
'With icy hand thou tak'st him by the feet,
'And upward so till thou dost reach his heart,
'And wrap him in the cloak of lasting night."

In Flavia's oraison respecting her mother, she says, "and should she *weep*, let her tears be those of *smiling* Pity and Charity;" and in another part, "with these moist tears I may rain comfort on her sorrow." In a scene between Flavia and Pascentius, a messenger enters to tell them it is 5 o'clock, and summon them to supper, that they may immediately retire to rest. We did not understand the ancients kept such early hours; if so, William's cruelty, in obliging them to go to bed by the curfew, has been exaggerated. Then follows a strange figure of the sun giving a blushing kiss to the sea. Pascentius's progress of mortality puts Jaques's seven ages out of countenance; "first, the infant, the man in his pride at 30, wife at 40, crabbed at 50:"—what he was at 60 and 70, the laughter was so excessive, we could not distinguish. Edmunda, in her mad

mad scene, exclaims, "Brain, brain, thou wond'rous composition, break not thy cage!" and Pascentius, when speaking of her, says, "I fear her brain hath gone a pilgrimage, and wandered from the point."

With respect to the characters, neither force nor originality is to be found in any of them. The Fool is a wretched imitation of Touchstone; Vortigern is alternately a Macbeth, a Richard, and a Henry; Edmunda is a Queen Catherine; and Aurelius is a Richmond; in short, the whole is a composition of such glaring weakness, and evident plagiarism, that it is impossible for any person who has ever read Shakespeare, to be imposed upon, for a moment, by such silly trash; which, as an evident forgery, we must pronounce the offspring, if not of consummate ignorance, at least of "unparalleled audacity."

The verdict of *condemnation*, which was pronounced by the audience, was certainly not uncivilly delivered, for the *laughter*, afforded them during the most part of the representation of the *tragedy*, kept them so *cheerful*, that the sentence of *guilty* was delivered with the utmost good humour after a most impartial and candid hearing.

This singular instance of the *bathos*, is now "gone to the grave of all the Capulets," to waste its portion of purgatory, with the *Bottle Conjurer*, *Mary Tofts*, and the *Cock Lane Ghost*.

Covent Garden, April 9.

THE LAD OF THE HILLS,

OR,

Wicklow Gold Mine.

An Opera, of three acts, under this title, made its *entré*, last night, and gives the *contrivance* of it to Mr. O'Keefe,

CHARACTERS.

Granaghan,	Mr. Johnstone.
Yemon,	Mr. Incledon.
Thady,	Mr. Fawcett.
Maunus,	Mr. Bowden.
Devereux,	Mr. Townsend.
Tinihinch,	Mr. Richardson.
Phelim,	Mrs. Martyr.
Jesse,	Mrs. Clendining.
Shela,	Mrs. Mountain.

Yemon, a peasant, having secretly discovered a gold mine, converts the produce of it to the noblest of purposes—relieving the poor and the distressed. Being pressed by Granaghan, an Irish schoolmaster, to account for his apparent wealth, and threatened at the same time with having his letters opened, Yemon, recollecting that his nurse might in a letter, discover the cause of his good fortune, secretly determines to stop the mail. About to execute his scheme, he is met by Maunus (his brother), a Defender, who, learning his intent instantly leaves him, seizes the mail and brings it to Yemon, who is seen afterwards to be imprisoned —and on this incident the *trick* of the scene principally depends. Devereux, to discover the disposition of Jesse, disguises himself as a mendicant: he is charmed with her generous humanity, and having, in that disguise, rescued her from brutal violence, obtains an assurance of eternal gratitude— Devereux throws of his disguise, when Jesse and himself are happily united. Shela is beloved by Yemon, who being cleared by the confession of his brother, is united to Shela. Thady is an humble attendant on the scene: this character is far below the notice of Fawcett; but yet his exertions were conspicuously predominant. Phelim, as an usher of Granaghan's, was admirably sustained by Mrs. Martyr, whose *symmetry*, as a *breeches* figure, is unrivalled on the

the ſtage. The piece ended with this moral, that the beſt and ſureſt gold mine was, "HONEST INDUSTRY."

This, as a *dramatic* effort, is one of the moſt inſipid we ever witneſſed—as a mere vehicle for very charming muſic, it may, perhaps, for a ſhort time attract. Mr. Shield, in moſt of HIS airs, has been very ſucceſsful—they were admirably ſung by Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Clendining, and Mrs. Martyr, Meſſrs. Incledon and Bowden

The overture was beautiful—it had *obligato* parts for the harp, violin, and oboe — which were moſt charmingly executed.

The piece was given out again with ſome applauſe.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT BRANDENBURGH HOUSE.

THE Margravine's theatre, on Thurſday evening, was again attended by much faſhion.

The pieces were exactly the ſame as on the laſt performance, except in the Smyrna twins, where, at the fair, Munden as Peregrine Forreſter, introduced his celebrated Traveller's ſong, from Hartford Bridge; to which the following ſtanza was added, by the pen of her highneſs:

'Yet I muſt ſay, Old England ſtill for ever,
'Heart-felt content is only found at home;
'Like me my Lords, you vainly think it clever,
'While for your bliſs o'er ſeas and land you roam.
'Yes, yes, I ſay, Old Englaud ſtill for ever,
'Heart-felt content is only found at home.'

Theſe words were adapted to a beautiful Turkiſh melody.

A moſt inimitable burleſque parody on the new opera dance was executed by Mr. Keppel Craven, and the reſt of the characters, which kept the whole audience in perpetual burſts of laughter.

The moſt noticeable exertions in the French piece, were thoſe of the Margravine, Count Dallas, La Compteſſe de Lunieres, and Count Benencaſa; all the other perſonages receded in rather a *ſombre tint.*

In the Twins of Smyrna, Mr. Keppel Craven, to graceful action, added delivery and point in the dialogue, which rarely can be met with among the *drilled in* ſons of the buſkin.

The Margravine, and the Miſs Berkleys, were, as uſual, much applauded. Mr. Arabin's old man was chaſte, and marked with great propriety. Mr. *Simon,* in an old woman, was perfectly *natural*, and was much noticed for his *ſimple* and unaffected ſtyle.

The performance did not cloſe till near one o'clock.

Mazzinghi as, on all occaſions, deſerved great commendation for his department.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN a former Number of your eſteemed publication, I have the pleaſure to obſerve, with much admiration, a moſt excellent and well executed portraiture of DASH, a favourite and well famed pointer. The following brief account of his unexampled notoriety, may not, perhaps, prove unwelcome to many of your ſubſcribers, and friends of the *trigger*:

The ſporting owner of this dog, is Lieutenant-Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, in the county of York, who bred him. I do not remember he ever gave any particular account of his pedigree that

I can here trace, but, from former habits of ſporting with the Colonel, I am able to detail the following particulars, although ſome years have elapſed ſince the event took place.

The Highlands of Scotland were annually the ſhooting reſort of this gentleman for moor game, where, *cum multis aliis*, Daſh diſtinguiſhed his pre-eminence among the grouſe, and was ſo highly eſtimated for his ranging, high ſtyle of finding his game, and his ſuperior manner of ſetting and back-ſetting, that he became the admiration of all who ſaw or ſhot to him, and who became deſirous to poſſeſs him; as the inſtability of his owner is well known, eſpecially towards quadrupeds, it ſhould not create much ſurpriſe, that he was eaſily prevailed on, in his capricious intervals, to offer Daſh for ſale, and Sir Richard Hill, Bart. became the purchaſer, for one hundred and twenty guineas, and a caſk of genuine Madeira, which was the abſolute conſideration money and value, paid and delivered, ſubject to a ſtipulated condition of re-purchaſe by the former owner, in caſe any accident ſhould befal the dog, namely, any caſualty that might happen to render him unfit for hunting; then the Colonel was to have him again for the ſum of fifty guineas, as a *ſtallion* to breed from.

The firſt ſeaſon that Sir Richard hunted his *dear* Daſh on the moors, the dog broke a leg, and was returned to the Colonel, in purſuance of the previous agreement, who conſidered him, in that ſtate, a great acquiſition at fifty guineas, which was accordingly paid for him.

Your's, &c.

WESTMORLANDIENSIS.

Ambleſide,
25th March, 1796.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE dedication of your work being open to all parties, but influenced by none, I heſitate not, after your ready acknowledgment of my laſt anecdote of a celebrated pointer, to communicate to you as remarkable an incident, in the nature and inſtinct of a fox-hound, as probably may ever come under the banners of your recording Miſcellany, and not leſs extraordinary than true. The pointer, and the hound, were bred by one and the ſame proprietor, high in the annals of the ſporting world.

The High Blood and Undaunted Vigour of a Fox Hound.

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

THE breed of Colonel Thornton's canine race, is univerſally allowed to be of the higheſt ſtrain imaginable—unconfined to ſort, as alſo unreſtrained in expence; his obſervations and experience have proved indubitably his great knowledge in every croſs of blood, more than any other ſporting competitor. In croſſing the fox-hound with the pointer, *et viſa verſa*, he has evinced a ſcience peculiar to himſelf. The following anecdote of a fox-hound, as related by himſelf, will not prove inapplicable to verify the high vermin blood in that ſpecies:

"A gallant lofty young bitch hound, was one day freely giving tongue in drawing a ſtrong cover, and, when at firſt caſting off, and none of the other hounds challenging the ſame drag, the huntſman chided her babbie, but to no purpoſe; ſhe ſtill continued with redoubled note, and the huntſman perſiſted ſhe was wrong, and thought her laviſh and incorrigible, inſomuch that the whip was applied with great ſeverity, and in the

the bestowing of which, one of her eyes was accidentally lashed out from the socket; in this state, the bitch continued to run from drag to chace, and proved herself staunch, and *not* riotous, for a fox had stole away, and she broke cover after him, disregarded and single handed. However, after much cold scenting, and some delay, the pack hit off the chace; at some little running, a farmer, who was on the reconnoitre of his grounds, informed the field, or rather the gentlemen of the chace, that they were far behind their fox, for that a single chace hound, very bloody about the head, and with an eye cut out, had passed some fields distant, and that she was running then breast-high in scent, and there was little probability of getting up to her. Afterwards, however, coming up to check, the pack did get up with her, and, after some little cold hunting, hit off the chace again from a numerous cast, where the bitch had not foiled, and clapped on him well-packed hard running, and all together, when, after a severe burst, they run into their fox, and killed him in a most gallant style; Colonel Thornton, the owner of the hounds, was in at the death, and, observing this mangled bitch hound, actually took out his scissars, and severed the skin by which the eye had hung pendent during the progress of the chace.

W.

Two Instances of the surprising Effects of MUSIC; *extracted from the History of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris.*

A FAMOUS musician, and great composer, was taken ill of a fever, which became continued, with a gradual increase. On the seventh day he fell into a very violent delirium, almost constantly accompanied by cries, tears, terrors, and a perpetual watchfulness. The third day of his delirium one of those natural instincts, which makes, as it is said, sick animals seek out for the herbs that are proper for their case, set him upon desiring earnestly to hear a little concert in his chamber. His physician could hardly be prevailed upon to consent to it. Some cantatas were sung to him. On hearing the first modulations, the air of his countenance became serene, his eyes sparkled with a joyful alacrity, his convulsions absolutely ceased, he shed tears of pleasure, and was then possessed for music with a sensibility he never before had, nor after, when he was recovered. He had no fever during the whole concert, but when it was over, he relapsed into his former condition. The use of a remedy, of which the success had been so unexpected, and yet so fortunate, was continued. The fever and delirium were always suspended during the concerts, and music was become so necessary to the patient, that at night he obliged a female relation, who sometimes sat up with him, to sing and even to dance; and who, being much afflicted, was put to great difficulty to gratify him in such a point of complaisance. One night among others that he had none but his nurse to attend him, who could sing nothing better than some wretched country ballad, he was satisfied to take up with that, and he even found some benefit by it. At last, ten days of music cured him intirely, without other assistance than of being let blood in the foot, which was the second bleeding that was prescribed for him, and which was followed with a great evacuation. This account was communicated to the academy by M. Dudart, who had it well authenticated;

ed: He does not pretend that it may serve as an example or rule; but it is curious enough to observe how musical concerts could have restored the spirits to their natural course in a man who had been so long in life habituated to music. It is not probable that a painter could be cured the same way by having pieces of painting shewn him; for painting cannot have the same power as music over the motion of the spirits; and, indeed, no other art can equal it in this respect.

The second instance of the extraordinary effect of music is related of a dancing master of Alais, in the province of Languedoc. Being once over fatigued in carnival time by the exercise of his profession, he was seized with a violent fever, and on the fourth or fifth day fell into a lethargy, which continued upon him for a considerable time. On recovering out of it, he was attacked with a furious and mute delirium, wherein he made continual efforts to jump out of the bed, threatened with a shaking of the head and angry countenance, those that hindered him, and even all that were present; and he besides obstinately refused, though without speaking a word, all the remedies that were presented to him. One of the assistants bethought himself that music perhaps might compose so disordered an imagination. Accordingly he proposed it to his physician, who did not disapprove the thought, but feared, with good reason, the ridicule of the execution which might have been still infinitely greater, if the patient should happen to die in the operation of such a remedy. A friend of the dancing-master, who seemed regardless of the physician's cautious measures, and who knew how to play on the violin, seeing that of the patient hanging up in the chamber, laid hold of it, and played directly for him the airs that were most familiar to him. He was cried out against as a greater fool than him who was kept fast prisoner to his bed, and some were ready to make him desist; when the patient immediately sitting up, as a man agreeably surprised, would fain figure with his arms, the motions of the airs; but, his arms being forcibly kept down, he could only specify, by the head, the pleasure he felt. By degrees, however, those who held his arms, sensible of the effects of the violin, remitted something of the violence in keeping them down, and at last yielded to the motions he was desirous to give them, when they found his furious fits quite abated. In short, in a quarter of an hour's time, the patient fell into a profound sleep, and a salutary crisis, in the mean while, rescued him from all danger.

CONCLUDING LETTER
ON HUNTING.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I SHALL only trouble you with a few more observations respecting the care and management which a horse requires, previous to my conclusion of the subject of hunting.

The Earl of Pembroke, in his military equitation, is of the same opinion with myself on this head! he tells us,—" It is of the greatest consequences for horses to be kept clean, regularly fed, and as regularly exercised: but whoever chuses to ride in the way of ease and pleasure, without any fatigue on horseback, or, in short, does not like to carry his horse, instead of his horse carrying him, must not suffer his horse to be exercised by a groom; standing up on his stirrups, holding him.

himſelf on by means of the reins and thereby hanging his whole dead weight on the horſe's mouth, to the entire deſtruction of all that is good, ſafe, or pleaſant about the animal."——And in another place he ſays,—" Horſes ſhould be turned looſe ſomewhere, or walked about every day when they do not work, particularly after hard exerciſe; ſwelled legs, phyſic, &c. will be ſaved by theſe means, and many diſtempers avoided." He alſo obſerves that, it is a matter of the greateſt conſequence, though few attend to it, to feed horſes according to their work. When the work is hard, food ſhould be in plenty; when it is otherwiſe, the food ſhould be diminiſhed immediately; the hay particularly.

I have no doubt that the noble author is perfectly right in theſe obſervations; I am alſo of opinion, that a handful or two of clean wheaten ſtraw, chopped ſmall, and mixed with their corn, would be of great ſervice to horſes, provided the proprietor has ſufficient intereſt with his groom to prevail on him to give it them.

Horſes that are phyſicked at graſs, ſhould have two doſes given them when they are turned out, and three more before they are taken up. Graſs phyſic is of ſo mild a kind, that this quantity will not be found too much, nor has an accident ever been known to happen from it, although it has been given in vere indifferent weather. Horſes ſhould be taken in the firſt night after their phyſic, though the printed directions, I believe, do not require it. Such horſes as are full of humours ſhould be phyſicked at houſe, ſince they may require ſtronger doſes than graſs phyſic will admit of, which are proper to prevent humours, than to remove them. The only uſe in phyſicking a horſe that does not appear to want it, is to prevent, if poſſible, his requiring it at a time when you cannot ſo well ſpare him as in the hunting ſeaſon; ſhould an accident of this kind happen, the following receipt will be found of uſe.

Crocus metellorum, levigated, two ounces; Stibium's ditto, two ounces; flower of brimſtone, one ounce; Caſtile ſoap, one ounce; liquorice powder, one ounce; honey, q. ſ. to make into a paſte.

A ball, of one ounce weight, is to be given for three mornings, ſucceſſively. The horſe muſt be kept faſting for two hours after he has taken it; he then may have a feed of corn, and, ſoon after that, moderate exerciſe. The ſame ſhould be repeated four days afterwards. Theſe balls purify the blood, and operate on the body by inſenſible perſpiration.

Nitre will be found beneficial to ſuch hunters as are not turned out to graſs; it cools their bodies and is of ſervice to them. It may be given either in their water, or in their corn; an ounce in each ſhould ſometimes be given.

To ſuch horſes as are thick winded, and ſuch as carry but little fleſh, *carrots* are uſeful. In many ſtables they are given *at the time of feeding*, in the corn; but in my opinion any other time is more preferable, for it is a food which horſes are ſo fond of, that if by any accident the *carrots* ſhould be omitted, it is a doubt if they would eat the corn readily without them.

For the contentment which is ſuppoſed to accompany a country life, we have not only the beſt authority of our own time to ſupport it, but even that of the beſt poets of the Auguſtan age. Virgil ſurely felt what he wrote, when he ſaid, " *O fortunati nimium ſua ſi bona norint, agricolæ*;" and Horace's famous ode, " *Beatus ille qui procul*

vel negotiis," ſeems not leſs to come from the heart of a man, who is generally allowed to have had a perfect knowledge of mankind: and this, even at the time when he was the favourite of the greateſt emperor, and in the midſt of all the magnificence of the greateſt city in the world.

The elegant Pliny alſo, in his epiſtle to Minutius Fundanus, which is admirably tranſlated by the Earl of Orrery, whilſt he arraigns the life he leads at Rome, ſpeaks with a kind of rapture of a country life:—"Welcome," ſays he, "thou life of integrity and virtue! welcome, ſweet and innocent amuſement! Thou that art almoſt preferable to buſineſs and employment of every kind."—And it was *here*, we are told, that the great Bacon experienced his trueſt felicity.

A rural life, I think, is better ſuited to this kingdom than to any other; becauſe the country in England affords pleaſures and amuſements unknown in other countries: and becauſe its rival, our Engliſh town (or ton) life, perhaps is a leſs pleaſant one than may be found elſewhere. If this, upon a nice inveſtigation of the matter ſhould appear to be ſtrictly true, the concluſion that would neceſſarily reſult from it might prove more than I mean it ſhould; therefore we will drop the ſubject. Should you however, differ from me in opinion of your town life, and diſapprove what I have ſaid concerning it, you may excuſe me, if you pleaſe, as you would a lawyer, who does the beſt he can for the party for whom he is retained. I think you will alſo excuſe any expreſſions I may have uſed, which may not be current *here*; if you find, as I verily believe you may, that I have not made uſe of a French word, but when I could not have expreſſed my meaning ſo well by an Engliſh one:—It is only an unneceſſary and affected application of a foreign language, that, in my opinion, is deſerving of cenſure.

If my time in writing to you ſhould not have been ſo well employed as it might have been, *you* at leaſt will not find that fault with it; nor ſhall I repent of having employed it in this manner, unleſs it were more certain than it is, that it would have been employed *better*. It is true, theſe letters are longer than I firſt intended they ſhould be: they would have been *ſhorter*, could I have beſtowed *more time* upon them.—Some technical words have crept in imperceptibly, and with them, ſome expreſſions better ſuited to the field than to the cloſet; nor is it neceſſary, perhaps, that a ſportſman, when he is writing to a ſportſman, ſhould make excuſes for them. I know there muſt be ſome tautology; it ſcarcely is poſſible to remember all that has been ſaid in former letters;—let that difficulty if you pleaſe, excuſe the fault. I fear there may be ſome contradictions for the ſame reaſon, and there may be many exceptions. I truſt them all to your candour, nor can they in my opinion, be in better hands. I hope you will not find that I have at different times given different opinions; but ſhould that be the caſe, without any doubt you will follow the opinion which coincides moſt with your own. If on any points I have differed from great authorities, I am ſorry for it; I have never hunted with thoſe who are looked up to as the great maſters of this ſcience; and when I differ from them, it is without deſign.—Other methods, doubtleſs there are, to make the keeping of hounds much more expenſive; which as I do not practiſe myſelf, I ſhall not recommend them; treated after the manner here deſcribed, they

they will kill foxes, aud ſhew you ſport. It has been my conſtant endeavour to ſay no more than I thought the ſubject required. The time may come when more experienced ſportſmen, and abler pens, may do it greater juſtice; till then, accept the obſervations that I have made.

Adieu on this ſubject,
ACASTUS.

Extract from "an ESSAY *on the* BITE *of a* MAD DOG, *by Daniel Peter Layard, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Phyſicians, and of the Royal Society, in London."*

(Continued from page 333, *vol.* 7.)

"THE author next conſiders what may be the cauſe of madneſs in dogs and other animals, and deſcribes the ſymptoms which attend the bite of thoſe animals when mad.

"Whenever a dog, an animal eaſily provoked to anger, of a natural propenſity to become furious, is kept from drink, either during the exceſſive heat of ſummer, or the ſharp cold in the winter, his bile acquires ſuch an extraordinary degree of acrimony, that he grows mad: But, if theſe contrary diſpoſitions of the atmoſphere affect his blood and humours in ſuch a manner that he becomes furious, it often alſo happens, that through long faſting, being filled with ſalt meats or ſalt drink, or through want of drink after long and laborious exerciſe, a dog runs mad; and, particularly, if a dog has been bitten by one mad, or hath eaten of the fleſh of any animal dead of madneſs, or of the plague, or of any putrid diſeaſe, killed by lightning, or by poiſon, or hath drank of ſtinking and corrupted waters, or eaten of high ſeaſoned acrid food, or hath worms;—in any of theſe caſes he is liable to go mad. Therefore, in ſuch countries where the change of air is ſudden or extreme, ſometimes violently hot, at other times intenſely cold, this diſeaſe, in proportion, is more common.

"Such is the pernicious virulence of the ſaliva thrown out by a mad dog, that all kinds of animals whatſoever, ſuch as monkeys, ſwine, cats, oxen, horſes, ſheep, mules, foxes, wolves, and others, are not only liable to grow mad upon being bitten, but alſo have, without any bite, been ſeized with the hydrophobia upon the ſole contact and admiſſion of a mad dog's ſaliva. And Palmarius relates an inſtance of a countryman, who raving mad of this diſeaſe, and being informed he had not long to live, deſired in an intermiſſion of his fits, that he might take his laſt farewel of his children, which the people, who kept him tied down, having conſented to, he kiſſed them, and then was ſuffocated. However, on the ſeventh day, the children were ſeized with the ſame illneſs, and died in the ſame cruel agonies and pains. He alſo has ſeen cattle killed by eating ſtraw on which the ſlabber of mad animals had been left.

"Galen aſſerts that dogs are the only animals which becomes mad without being bitten, nor the leaſt communication; yet many of the above-mentioned creatures grow furious without any previous infection, but none ſo frequently as dogs, foxes, and wolves. Palmarius has ſeen twenty wolves driven mad through hunger, ſally out of a foreſt, ſeize every living creature that came in their way, none of which eſcaped who were bitten.

"Doctor Liſter and Doctor Mead aſſign the true cauſe of the violent fermentation, raiſed in the

blood

blood of dogs either through heat or cold, by obſerving, " That no dog ever ſweats; and that, as next to the miliary glands in the human body, the ſalival glands are the moſt conſtant and eaſy emunctories, through which the ſaline and active particles of the blood are diſcharged, more ſpittle is ſeparated in a dog when mad, than at any other time, and that very frothy, or impregnated with hot ſubtile parts."

" Now, whenever this diſcharge is obſtructed, by too great a viſcidity of the blood, from an increaſed circulation and want of dilution, the conſequence of long thirſt; then the ſaline particles grow more acrid, and the abſorbed bilious ſalts particularly acquire ſuch acrimony, as to produce a high fever and delirium, by irritating the nerves, diſturbing the ſecretion and courſe of the nervous fluid, and throwing all the laws of the animal œconomy into confuſion, exciting ſuch different and various ſymptoms, in perſons in different ſexes and conſtitutions, according, as Dr. Mead rightly ſays, to the paſſions of the mind they are moſt inclined to. And, in this morbid ſtate of a dog's ſaliva, the ſymptoms will be more aggravated, than thoſe which attend the bite of an angered animal that is ſound, and the patient will be in greater danger. Or, whenever the blood and juices of a dog, cat, wolf, or fox, ſhould be ſo vitiated as to become putrid, by either of the cauſes already recited, then will a perſon bitten by ſuch animal, be expoſed to all the fatal accidents which the admiſſion of ſuch a putrid, high fermenting ſaliva muſt naturally produce, by mixing with the blood and humours, particularly the nervous fluid, which is remarkably affected in putrid diſeaſes of all kinds, but eſpecially in peſtilential and bilious fevers, wherein the acrimonious ſalts of the putrid bile abſorbed into the blood, and alſo the diſſolved ſtate of the blood, which ſoon follows, vitiate the nervous fluid, at the ſame time that the coats of the nerves are both irritated and relaxed. Hence thoſe irregular ſpaſms, and involuntary contractions, all over the body, which bring on a tenſion, ſtronger convulſions, and at length, by drying up the nerves, and deſtroying the fluid, commonly called the animal ſpirits, put an end to the motion of the neceſſary ſprings of life.

This diſeaſe, therefore, is of a different nature, and even more or leſs complicated, according to the ſeaſon of the year, and to the ſtate of the juices belonging to the mad animal, whether ſound or morbid. Obſtruction of perſpiration will, in winter, produce a fever, delirium and phrenzy, or madneſs; long faſting, thirſt, after violent exerciſe; ſalted, ſpiced, and all acrid meats. Likewiſe worms bred in the ſtomach, inteſtines, and at the root of the noſe, will have the ſame bad effects of producing madneſs, and the active particles of the dog, cat, wolf, or fox's ſaliva, rendered more ſubtile by the increaſed momentum of the blood, will be capable of infecting man, or any animal that they ſhall bite with the ſame fermentating principles, and of bringing on the ſame fatal ſymptoms.

In ſummer, the humours of the body affected by tainted air, food, or by ſtagnating and corrupted waters filled with innumerable inſects, both living and dead, are ſubject to a putridity, which is afterwards increaſed by the velocity of the blood rarefied particularly in the ſummer, and even in autumn, through the heat of the ſeaſon. In man, this produces an acute, or bilious fever, which deprives the ſolids of

their contractile force, destroys the animal spirits, inflames the membranes of the brain, brings on a delirium; and either kills the person by convulsions, or by changing the whole mass of blood into pus, exposes the patient either to critical tumours, discharges of matter, a marasmus, or to some chronical disease, unless timely prevented.

(To be continued.)

Extraordinary SPORTING PERFORMANCES.

(Continued from Page 183. Vol. 7.)

1791.

FEBRUARY 7th. Mr. Elliott, a yeoman farmer, of Rudgwick, in Sussex, undertook, for a wager, to kill fifty pigeons, at fifty times shooting: he shot at Tillington, near Petworth, and notwithstanding the wind was high and ruffling, killed forty-five. It was allowed he hit every bird that was turned off to him, and would have killed every shot, if circumstances had not been unfavourable. He used but one gun, and the barrel was at last so hot, that the touch-hole fairly melted.

16th. A hunter of Hill Darley, Esq. for a bet of 100gs, carried his groom, weighing twelve stones, in a flying leap over a six-foot stone wall, coped and dashed. He performed it with ease; and, besides Mr. Darley's bet, much money was sported on the occasion, the odds being against the hunter.

March 31st, being Easter Monday, a peal was rung, in celebration of a wedding at Heathfield church, Sussex, on six bells, by six tradesmen, related to each other, and all of the same christian and surname, *id est*, JOHN HARMER.

April 3d, for a wager of ten guineas, the tenor of Bow church, in Cheapside, (always rung by two men). was rung through the whole peal of an Oxford treble of ten in, and of 5040 changes, by a person of the name of Pilgrim, by trade a dyer, and one of the society of college youths. Bow tenor is supposed to be the heaviest but one in England.

15th, Mr. Eyre, innkeeper, at Thorne, in Yorkshire, aged near seventy, (for a wager of fifty guineas,) engaged to walk from that place to Doncaster, and back, (a distance of twenty miles,) every day for three weeks. He performed it with apparent ease within the time.

May 10th, a journeyman shoemaker, at Lincoln, undertook, for a guinea, to walk upon the race-ground near that city, fifty miles, in twelve hours. He started at six o'clock in the morning, and performed tt with ease in ten hours and fifty-three minutes.

July, Lord Barrymore made a bet with the Duke of York, at the Marine Pavilion, at Brighton, which would walk farthest into the sea: each waded, in the presence of a great number of spectators, to a great distance; but at length, his royal highness not being so tall as his lordship, was so tormented with the surge, that he was obliged to give up the contention, and lose his wager.

August 15th, a trotting match took place, from Lynn-gates, seven miles on the Downham road, and back to the gates, (fourteen miles,) by that noted stallion called Shuffler, (the property of Mr. Kent, of Unwell, in Norfolk,) against time, for 200 guineas. The horse carried 18st.—14lb. to the stone, and was allowed an hour, but performed it in fifty-six minutes and a half, to the astonishment of a great number of spectators, among whom many bets were depending.

29th,

29th, At the annual race at Aldenham Common, Herts, there was excellent ſport.—*Seven* horſes ſtarted, who ran *ſix* heats. The ſweepſtakes was won by a horſe called Smuggler, the property of Mr. Brooks, of St. Alban's.

September, a race at Ennis, in Ireland, furniſhed a circumſtance unequalled in the annals of the turf, but verified by thouſands of ſpectators:—Atalanta, a mare belonging to Mr. Eyre, took the lead of three other horſes that entered for the 50l. plate; ſhe had, however, ſcarcely ran half a mile when ſhe fell and dropped her rider; recovering herſelf immediately, ſhe daſhed forward, and preſerved the lead to the end of the heat, during which ſhe had to paſs her ſtable and the winning poſt twice, nor did ſhe ſtop till the flag was dropped to the winning horſe, when ſhe ceaſed the race, trotted up a few paces, and then wheeling round, came up to the ſcales, as is uſual at the end of each heat to have the jockies weighed. During this uncommon race, Atalanta frequently looked behind her, and quickened her pace as the other horſes approached her, greatly to the aſtoniſhment, as well as entertainment of the beholders.

19th, A favourite little horſe, only 42 inches high, belonging to the maſter of an inn, in Holborn, was pitted to run 100 miles in twelve hours. The poor animal exerted its utmoſt ſtrength, and, in eight hours, completed ſeventy-two miles of its taſk, but then fell down, and expired.

October 4th.——Sanders, a famous runner, for a wager of fifty guineas, ran from the three-mile ſtone near the Swan, at Stockwell, to the eight-mile ſtone, on the Epſom road, (ten miles), in fifty-ſeven minutes and a half. He was allowed an hour.

11th, As the Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, of Abingdon, was ſhooting, he went up to his dog, who was pointing, and a partridge roſe, at which he levelled his gun, and at the inſtant he pulled his trigger, two brace more got up, and flew into the line of fire. They were all five ſhot, and fell within ten yards of each other!

October, in the Craven meeting, Newmarket, Capt. O'Kelly's horſe, Exciſeman, ran for three ſeveral ſweepſtakes in one day, to the amount of ſeveral thouſand pounds, all of which he won with great eaſe: the like was never before attempted by any horſe, and will ſtand as a phœnomenon in the records of the turf.

November 4th, a gentleman farmer, of Norfolk, who had engaged for a wager of twenty guineas, to ride his boar pig from his own houſe to Wiſbech, which is four miles and a quarter, in one hour, performed the ſame in fifty minutes.

12th, The Duke of Bedford, Lord R. Spencer, Mr. Fox, Mr. Dutton, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Colquhoun, ſhot on the latter gentleman's manor, at Writham, in Norfolk, forty brace of cock pheaſants, and twenty brace of hares, beſides partridges, woodcocks, &c. Perhaps a greater quantity of game was never killed by one party in one day in England.

December 20th, a gentleman of Wincheſter engaged to ride his horſe from that city to London, ſixty-four miles, in ſeven hours and a half. He ſet out from his houſe at nine o'clock, and reached London at twenty-ſix minutes paſt three, an hour and four minutes within the time allowed. The horſe performed it with apparent eaſe, although the rider weighed more than fourteen ſtone.

To be continued.

Tax on Dogs.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

A Meaſure being now before Parliament, reſpecting a tax on dogs, on which as I have a ſettled opinion, and do not think any thing trivial which will go to affect almoſt every houſe in the kingdom, and moſt of all thoſe who ought leaſt to feel the weight of any additional oppreſſion, I cannot help communicating my thoughts on the ſubject through the channel of your very uſeful Miſcellany.

To a modified, qualified *tax* on dogs I have no objection; but to a general and indiſcriminate one, I have the ſtrongeſt; and will therefore point out ſuch as I think ought to be exempt from any tax, becauſe they are, in fact, implements and utenſils for agriculture, manufacture, and trade, and as requiſite for perſons in thoſe lines as a team of horſes or oxen for a farmer. Such is the *ſhepherd's dog*, without which he cannot fold his ſheep: the *farmer's dog*, without which he cannot conduct his cattle to different parts of his farm, nor collect and bring home his beaſts from the commons; the *butcher's dog*, for purpoſes ſomething ſimilar; the *manufacturer's dog*, for a nocturnal guard for his property: with thoſe of many other perſons in different branches of buſineſs, for whom dogs are abſolute neceſſaries.

There is another ſpecies of dogs, for whoſe exemption from taxes I am conſcious that I ſhall not, on the firſt view, have with me as general a coincidence of opinion as I may have had for thoſe I have mentioned; becauſe I know there are prejudices againſt them both, but which, on a more full conſideration, I truſt, will be ſeen to be ill-founded, and that theſe alſo have a ſtrong claim to exemption from all perſons of humane and liberal diſpoſitions.—I mean, in one word, thoſe kept by *poor cottagers*, to whom dogs are as uſeful as to the ſhepherd, farmer, butcher, &c. to drive noxious animals, ſuch as pigs from their gardens, foxes from their poultry, and to be guardians and protectors of their little property by day and by night, as no attempts will be made to commit depredations where a watchful dog is known to be ready at all hours to give an alarm. But, what is ſtill with me more ſtrong in behalf of a cottager, a dog is his inſeparable companion, and faithful friend; he attends him to his labour at early dawn, and returns with him to his little fire at cloſe of day, to ſleep at his feet; he is the amuſement of the wife, the playfellow of the children, and a main link in the chain of their confined ſociety. Force from them by a tax, this their favourite animal, and you will plunge a very large portion of the inhabitants of this kingdom in grief and lamentation. When a poor man was deſired to part with his dog, his anſwer was, "Who then ſhall I have whom I ſhall be ſure will love me?" Shall I give my conſent to deprive ſo many perſons of one of the few, very few comforts which fall to their lot in life, to pleaſe a haughty, purſe-proud Lord of a Manor, leſt one of theſe animals ſhould, by chance, once in ten years catch a young partridge? God forbid! Periſh all the *game* in the world, before one poor cottager and his family ſhould have to lament what that would feel ſo cruel a blow.

> "By heav'ns I'd coin my heart for gold, and ſell my blood for drachms, rather than wring from the hard hands of the poor peaſants their ſordid droſs for any purpoſes of baſe taxation."——

For

For *base* I hold this ſpecies of taxation, being partial, and falling moſt heavy on that claſs of ſociety which ſhould feel the leaſt, and favouring of the true feudal deſpotic ſyſtem, being very different from the free, liberal ſpirit of general taxation, to which every member of ſociety cheerfully ſubmits for the good of the whole.

"But," ſay the advocates for this meaſure, "they are pernicious animals, who bark at paſſengers!" If one of them by accident ſhould bark at the houſe of the *ſquire*, the pampered *rector*, or mighty *lord* of the ſoil, better far be it ſo, that they ſhould feel the momentary alarm, and their delicate nerves be affected for an inſtant, than that the unfriended cottager ſhould have a long time of repining for the loſs of what uſed to cheer and enliven his habitation! When William depopulated the New Foreſt, and turned the inhabitants of 30,000 acres to ſeek for ſhelter where they could find it, leſt his *game* ſhould be moleſted, for which his memory is held in deteſtation, was it an act of more pure deſpotiſm than this? It is alſo ſaid, "the *cottager's dogs* conſume a great quantity of food fit for man." I deny the fact. There are few cottages which have not offal food, unfit for any other uſe, but fully ſufficient for the ſupport of the dog; to what other purpoſe can it be applied? This is one of the deluſive arguments which are made uſe of *ad captandum vulgus*, and which are totally without foundation. "But a number of theſe dogs go *mad*, and the conſequence is dreadful." That dogs do go mad, and that the conſequence is dreadful, I admit; but not that this malady prevails more among the dogs of *cottagers* than other dogs, becauſe their food is ſimple, they are unconfined, and not deprived of air and exerciſe. And I will here beg leave to obſerve, that from long acquaintance with, and knowledge of theſe animals, I am not afraid to affirm, that 99 in 100 dogs, called *mad*, are not ſo. When a man dies, it is ſaid to have been occaſioned by a fever, gout, rheumatiſm, or ſome other of a long liſt of diſeaſe, to which fleſh is liable; but when a *dog* dies, it is generally attributed to one diſeaſe, *madneſs*. If a dog runs along a ſtreet, or a road, he is pronounced *mad*, when his running is to be attributed to a caniſter tied to his tail, or ſome other mode of tormenting practiſed by the little tyrants of the village, who copy in their narrow diſtrict the cruelty of the great tyrant of the more extenſive one.

Yours,

A. B.

ANGLING ANECDOTE.

TONY Brun, an erratic comedian, with more ambition than ability, is no leſs remarkable for his ſingular ſimplicity, than extreme fondneſs for *angling*. When he was a member of the Liverpool Theatre, he laid, one evening, ſeveral lines in a ſtream near the town, in hopes of procuring an excellent dinner of fiſh the following day. In the courſe of the night a theatrical wag, belonging to the ſame company, went to the place, drew up his hooks, and on ſome of them fixed *red-herrings*, and on others *ſparrows*, carefully placing them again in their former ſituation. Early in the morning Tony went with a friend to ſecure his expected prize, and drew up the *red-herrings*; upon which he ſaid to his companion, "Before God, here are *herrings!* and upon my faith

faith *ready pickled* too." Proceeding further, he drew the *sparrows* on shore; after examining them for some time very attentively, he exclaimed, "God bless my soul, this is indeed very surprising! I don't wonder at catching the *red-herrings* because they were in their own element, but I really never before thought that *birds* lived in *water*. I should have as soon expected to have shot *fish* in the *air*, but I will take care and not be disappointed a second time by laying my lines again here for *fresh fish*."

*** *The following is a genuine and literal copy of one of those very singular letters, which are incontestibly proved to have been written by the late* Sir Joshua Reynolds, *and which have caused so much altercation among the European artists, inasmuch as they completely do away the supposition that he could have been the author of those annual discourses to the Royal Academicians, which he circulated as his productions, and which have been translated into the French, Italian, and German languages. It may be necessary to remark that the Editor of this astonishing correspondence has candidly challenged Mr.* Burke, *Mr.* Malone, *or any of his friends, to express a public doubt of their authenticity.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds *developed.*

From Pasquin's History of the Artists of Ireland.

SOME time since, there resided, in the vicinity of Fulham, an elderly lady of elegant manners, but oppressed by penury; her deportment and language were such as to induce many enquiries as to her real name, and progress in life, all which she carefully concealed. At length the pressure of age and sickness, and poverty, brought her to her death bed; when lying on which she experienced the kindest attention from a particular family in that neighbourhood. A repetition of these kindnesses produced a friendship which induced the dying lady to make the following declaration:—"I have been well educated and tenderly reared. It was my misfortune in the early part of my life to be considered as handsome, and I became the toast of the hour; many young gentlemen paid their addresses to me, but without the desired effect, as I had fixed my virgin predilections on a gentleman, who, by the suavity of his manners, and the force of his accomplishments, became the point of admiration in those circles in which I then moved; and I was inclined to believe that our passion was mutual: but alas," said she, "how eggregiously, how fatally was I deceived! but let me not bear too heavy upon his memory, for he is no more—who he was, and what I am, you may know when I die, if you have the curiosity to examine the contents of that trunk; which certainly contains but little of any value to you; though I have ever considered it as my ark, which inclosed the covenant between the idol of my mind and my weak heart. All I have now to intreat of you is, that in addition to your various and unmerited attention towards me, you will not suffer my remains to be interred at the expence of the parish. I am not assured that this sort of pride, at such a crisis, is philosophic; but, if it is folly, pity and indulge me." In a few hours after this communication, she expired,

pired, and her requeſt was fulfilled to the minuteſt article. When the trunk was unlocked, the following letter, with ſeveral others, to this lady were diſcovered. They are principally written from Italy, and will certainly operate to throw a new light upon that celebrated character, and totally remove the long received idea, that he was a man of that learning which it has been generally ſuppoſed.

Rome, April 30, 1751.

DEAR MISS WESTON,

YOUR letter I received with great pleaſure, and as tis increaſing a pleaſure to communicate it, I read it to a great many Engliſh that were at the Coffee-houſe, but without mentioning the writer, (tho if I had it would have been much to your honour), for you muſt know when a letter comes from England, we are all impatient to hear news, and indeed your letter was full of it, and however it happened every perſon took the ſame pleaſure in it as my ſelf. Mr. Lovelace, Mrs. Pine, where known to moſt of the painters, others knew Miſs Hambleton, and others Mr. More, others Miſs Gunnings, indeed their fame had reached here ſome time agon. But nobody but me knew the Weſtminſter girl, a lack a lack ſhe has been brought to bed, and tis a fine chumming boy, but who is Lord John? well who would have thought it, oh the naſty creature to have to do with a man. I am ſorry you have been at the expence of paying for my goods, I ſhall take care to repay you with thanks when I return which will be infallibly this year, we ſet out in about two months time, and take the tour of Venice, and through Germany, and let France alone till next year, ſince it lies ſo near England, that I can take a trip there in a ſummer and back again my fellow traveller is Mr. Aſhley, who lived with Mr. Hudſon.

We are all extremely afflicted for the loſs of the Prince of Whales* who certainly would have been a great patron to painters, as he already was to Mr. Dalton. I feel an additional ſorrow on his account. I beg my compliments to him particularly, and to all friends. I cannot form to myſelf any idea of a perſon more miſerable than the Princeſs of Whales muſt be, deprived at once of a huſband ſhe loved, and with him all thoughts of ambition. Adiu, I will not deſire you to write any anſwer to this letter, becauſe I ſhall remove from Rome to Florence, and other parts of Italy, ſo that you wont know where to direct, but I ſhall not for that reaſon neglect writing to you. Remember me to mama

Yours

J. REYNOLDS.

To Miſs Weſton,
In Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BY inſerting the following articles you will greatly oblige your conſtant reader

E. B. S.

Catterick,
April 3, 1796.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF ANTÆUS.

Bred by William Cornforth, Eſq. of Barforth, Richmond, Yorkſhire,

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* It might be imagined, from the ſpelling, that this letter had been written from Greenland, and not Italy.

and

and foaled in 1789. Got by Phlegon, dam by Cornforth's Forreſter, (which was the dam of Johnny, Nanny, Willy, Dubſkelper, &c.) byBabraham, Partner, Bloody Buttocks, Brocklesby Betty, by the Curwen Grey Barb, Mr. Leedis's Hobby Mare, by Liſter's Turk.

N.B. Mr. Cornforth's Forreſter was got by Croft's Forreſter, out of the dam of the Witherington mare.

In 1793, Antæus, then 4 yrs old, (the firſt time of ſtarting) won fifty pounds for 3 and 4 yrs old at Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, beating at three heats Ponto, and a filly by Boudon. belonging to the Duke of Hamilton. At ſtarting 6 to 4, after firſt heat 4 to 1 on Ponto. After ſecond heat even betting on Antæus. The two laſt heats were very hard run, and Antæus (rode by Mr. T. Field, who ſhewed much ſkill in the race) won with difficulty. In 1794, Antæus won the King's Plate, at the ſame place for 5 yr olds, at four very ſevere heats, 5 to 1 againſt him: beating Villager. Archer, Lucy, Conſtitution, Meanwell, and Lord A. Hamilton's Phlegon horſe. He alſo won the King's Plate for 6 yr olds, 12ſt. at York, Auguſt meeting, beating Reſtleſs, (and gave away his year, and diſtanced Looby: 10 to 1 on Reſtleſs. He ſtarted only twice beſides, and was amiſs both of them. He now covers at Hill Top, near Windſor-Bridge, Durham, and Richmond, Yorkſhire, at 2gs each for blood mares, country mares 1g. each, and 2s. 6d. the groom. He is a remarkable fine horſe, and had he not happened to a misfortune laſt year, it was thought he would have been the firſt King's Plate horſe of his year in the kingdom.

STRIDE.

Bred by Sir John Webb, Bart. and foaled in 1787. Got by Phenomenon, dam by Goldfinder, her dam (Lovely) by Babraham, Cullen Arabian, out of Griſewood's Lady's Thigh, by Partner, Greyhound, Sophoniſba's dam, by the Curwen Bay Barb, D'Arcy's Arabian, Whiteſhirt Montague mare.

In 1790, the firſt time of ſtarting, he won a ſweepſtakes of 20gs each, for 3 yr old colts, carrying 8ſt. fillies 7ſt. 11lb. 2 miles (9 ſubſcribers) at Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, beating Beamiſh, Spanker, Boreas, and four others.

In 1791, he won a ſweepſtakes at York Auguſt Meeting, of 100gs h. ft. for 4 yr old colts, 8ſt. 7lb. fillies 8ſt. 4lb. Four miles (10 ſubſcribers) beating eaſy (though lame) Beamiſh, Woburn, and a Mungo colt, belonging to Sir F. Standiſh, 6 and 7 to 4 on Stride.

In 1793, he ſtarted for the great Oatlands Stakes, at Newmarket, but broke down in running. The above were the only times he ſtarted. He was put out of training, and covers at Catterick, Yorkſhire, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom. His get are remarkable fine ſhaped, boney, and handſome, and what is remarkable his laſt year's get are all colts. He is a horſe of great bone, fine ſhape, and had remarkable great ſpeed. His dam was alſo the dam of Worlaby Betty, Torrent, Potoſi, Mary Ann, Aranguez, (after Hercules) Harper (afterwards Whitelegs, and Bandy.

CONSTITUTION.

Bred by Thomas Hutchinſon, Eſq. of Hopſwell Lodge, Richmond, Yorkſhire, and foaled in 1789. He was got by Drone, his dam (Lardella) by Young Marſke, (ſhe alſo was the dam of Alexina) his grandam (the dam of Mr. Strove's Ranger) by Old Cade, &c.

In 1793, at 4 yrs old, firſt time he ſtarted, he won 50l. at Hexham, at three heats, beating Lucy and

Saxe-

Saxe-Cobourg. The next day, at three heats he won fifty pounds, beating Lucy, Leviathan, (afterwards Mr. Hutton's Black Prince) and a Highflyer filly,

In 1794, he won Fifty Pounds at Richmond, Yorkſhire, in three heats, beating Lucy and Arethuſa. 6 to 4 on Conſtitution at ſtarting. After the firſt heat even betting againſt Lucy. After ſecond heat, 3 to 1 on Conſtitution.

In 1795, he won Fifty Pounds at Preſton, beating at two heats, Patriot, and Tickle Toby. High odds on Patriot. He alſo walked over for the King's Plate at Nottingham, no horſe entering againſt him. He covers this ſeaſon at Richmond, at 2gs each mare, and 2s. 6d. to the groom. He is a dark brown, very handſome, ſtrong, and likely to get racers.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ANECDOTE of *the* DUKE DE NIVERNOIS, now CITIZEN DE NIVERNOIS.

WHEN this accompliſhed *ci-devant* nobleman was ambaſſador in England, he was going to Lord Townſend's ſeat, at Rainham, in Norfolk, on a private viſit, en diſhabille, and with only one ſervant, when he was obliged by a very heavy ſhower to ſtop at a farm houſe in the way. The maſter of the houſe was a clergyman, who to a poor curacy, added the care of a few ſcholars in the neighbourhood, which in all might make his living about eighty pounds a year: this was all he had to maintain a wife and ſix children. When the Duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himſelf, which the other accepted by borrowing a pair of old worſted ſtockings and ſlippers, and warming himſelf by a good fire. After ſome converſation, the Duke obſerved an old cheſs board hanging up; and, as he was paſſionately fond of that game, he aſked the clergyman whether he could play. The latter told him, that he could play pretty tolerably, but found it difficult in that part of the country to get an antagoniſt. "I am your man," ſays the Duke. "With all my heart," anſwers the clergyman, "and if you will ſtay and take potluck, I will try if I cannot beat you."—The day continuing rainy, the Duke accepted his offer, when his antagoniſt played ſo much better, that he won every game. This was ſo far from fretting the Duke, that he was pleaſed to meet with a man who could give him ſo much entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly enquired into the ſtate of his family affairs, and making a memorandum of his addreſs, without diſcovering his title, thanked him, and departed.

Some months elapſed, and the clergyman never thought of the matter, when, one evening, a footman rode up to the door, and preſented him with a note—"The Duke de Nivernois' compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. ———, and as a remembrance for the *good drubbing* he gave him at cheſs, begs that he will accept the living of ————, worth 400l. per annum, and that he will wait upon his grace the Duke of Newcaſtle on Friday next, to thank him for the ſame."

The good clergyman was ſome time before he could imagine it to be any more than a jeſt, and heſitated to obey the mandate; but as his wife inſiſted on his making a trial, he went up to town, and to his unſpeakable ſatisfaction, found the contents of the note literally true.

THE

THE

FEAST OF WIT:

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE LUCKY EXPEDIENT.

A YOUNG Swifs recruit, when his regimentals were making, had procured a round *iron plate* bordered with fmall holes, which he defired the taylor to faften on the infide of his coat, above his left breaft, to prevent his being fhot through the heart. The taylor, being a humourous fellow, faftened it in the *feat of his breeches*. The cloaths being fcarce on his back, when he was ordered to march into the field, he had no opportunity to get this aukward miftake rectified, before he found himfelf engaged in battle. Being obliged to flee before the enemy, on endeavouring to get over a thorn hedge in his way, he unfortunately ftuck faft till he was overtaken by a foe, who, on his coming up, gave him a thruft in the breech with his bayonet. It luckily hit on the iron plate, and pufhed the young foldier clear out of the hedge. This favourable circumftance made the Swifs honeftly confefs, that the taylor had more fenfe than himfelf, and knew better *where his heart lay*.

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF POLAND.

His majefty, who never was a friend to luxury, clearly evinced this difpofition ina recent inftance. A fhoe-maker, recommended to this

this monarch, before he left Warsaw, actually made his appearance in a suit of embroidered velvet.—The King, till he was better informed, mistook the son of Crispin for one of the grandees of the kingdom: but discovering his error, dismissed him with this observation, that if his shoe-maker wore velvet, it would require some consideration, on his part, to think of some external distinction between them.

———

A clergyman was lately riding furiously on a road in Hampshire, when a friend meeting him called out, "Whether so fast, doctor, a *wedding* or a *christening?*——"Neither," replied the parson, "I am going to *confirm a pair of colours!*"

———

DIALOGUE.

"Would you believe it? Lord ——— tells me he has written a *comedy*, but I suppose he was *joking*."—By no means, for I have seen it, and I assure you there *is no joke in it*."

———

TAX ON DOGS.

Addison says, that a dog has been the companion of man for three thousand years, and only learned one of his vices—*to worry his own species*.

———

A correspondent informs us, that such is the demand at this moment for *playing cards*, that the manufacturers of them work from *seven* in the morning till *ten* at night, and their customers from *ten* at night till *seven* in the morning.

———

A few days since an eel was taken just below Fulbridge, at Maldon, in Essex, which weighed twenty-six pounds: it measured five feet six inches in length, and seventeen inches in girth: it is the largest fish of this species ever taken, or described in natural history. Twenty persons sat down to sup upon it at the King's Head inn in that town; it proved extremely delicate in colour and flavour, and was more than sufficient for the repast of this numerous company.

———

Sir W——— W——— did not lose more at his *debut* in *play* than a moiety of the sum mentioned in the newspapers. Something more than 22,000 guineas was the amount giving in upon a card at the close of the transaction.

———

The Duke of York was thrown from his horse at Hounslow, on Wednesday, the 6th instant, by which accident his Royal Highness received a slight wound on the right cheek, and a bruise on the shoulder.

———

Johnson, the bruiser, finding boxing an unprofitable trade in Ireland, has lately become the proprietor of an E. O. table at Cork.

———

A very large fish which ran ashore at Filey, on Saturday the 19th inst. was on Monday the 21st exhibited in York. Its length was thirteen feet, its depth one foot and one inch, and its greatest thickness only three inches. It had no scales, but had four stripes stretching from end to end, rough with very small protuberances, and covered with a bright silvery film, like the swimming bladder of a herring, the al-

ternate ſtripes being white, naked, and ſmooth. The face, and inſide of the mouth, which had no teeth, were black, and the tongue was very ſmooth and ſoft. The eye was one inch and three eights in diameter, and the iris of a ſilver white. The head, from its front, to the cover of the gills, incluſive, was only ſeven inches long. The gills were of ſix rays; and the ventral fins, which had each but a ſingle ray of a foot long, were red, and under thoſe of the breaſt, which conſiſted of twelve, and were white. The anus was at the diſtance of five feet from the head, but there was no anul fin. The caudal fin when here was wanting, which was certainly due to accident as there was an obvious appearance of mutilation in the part. The dorſal fin, however, (having above three hundred rays, two inches long, extended the whole length of the animal, and was of a crimſon colour, like the fins of the perch; above the head rays were longer than elſewhere.—The ſide line deſcended with an eaſy curve from the head behind the pectoral fin towards the belly, to which it ran parallel, at the diſtance of three inches, till near the tail, where it curved again very gently, and ended with the bone. The two ſides were perfectly alike. The deſcription is thus circumſtantially given for the information of naturaliſts, and in hopes of obtaining from them any communication they may have to make upon the ſubject.

A man was lately found dead in his bed at a village in Glamorganſhire: the Coroner's Jury brought in their verdict, after much conſultation, "That he died for want of *breath*."

INTREPIDITY OF A FRENCH ABBE.

At the commencement of the French revolution, juſt before the capture of the Baſtile, a quantity of powder had been carried to the Hotel-de-ville, which the populace (for the moſt unruly always collected round this central ſpot) would probably have blown up in ſeizing, if a courageous elector had not, at the continual riſk of his life, inſiſted on diſtributing it regularly to the people.—This man, the Abbè Lefebure, remained all night, and the greateſt part of the next day, ſtanding over a barrel of gunpowder, perſiſting to keep off the people, with undaunted courage, though ſeveral, to torment him, brought pipes to ſmoke near it; and one actually fired a piſtol cloſe by, that ſet fire to his hair.

CONJUGALITY.

A man and his wife, who were born on the ſame day, baptized on the ſame day, had lived fifty five years together, died lately in the pariſh of Stewarton, in Airſhire, on the ſame day, and were buried together.

A FEMALE SPECTRE.

A continental paper mentions the recent death of a profeſſor of law, at Bernberg, in Saxony; ſoon after which a report was ſpread that various noiſes were heard in the night, &c. Several articles of furniture were deſtroyed; and, as theſe diſagreeable circumſtances increaſed, the ſiſter of the officer, the only perſon in the family, beſides the maid-ſervant, left the houſe. Among other tricks played while ſhe remained

mained there, the bread, glaſſes, &c. uſed to be drawn off the table while the old lady ſat at dinner or ſupper; and beſides this, a ſwine, which the maid wiſhed to perſuade her was poſſeſſed by the devil, or the ſoul of her late maſter, uſed to come into the kitchen and other parts of the houſe, and deſtroy every thing before it. After this alarm had continued a fortnight, the magiſtrates interfered, and ſending proper perſons to examine into the affair, it was viſible that the maid was the author of the nocturnal noiſes, and that in moving the glaſſes, &c. off the table, ſhe had availed herſelf of her miſtreſs's dimneſs of ſight. The voraciouſneſs of the ſwine was cauſed by her wilful neglect to feed it; of courſe its rage was eaſily allayed by the reſtoration of its food, and the principal offender was delivered over to the civil power.

LAW REPORT.

April 13.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

THE KING *v.* LORD FALKLAND AND JOHN KING.

MR. *Mingay*, on the part of Mr. Phillips, moved for a rule to ſhew cauſe why an attachment ſhould not iſſue againſt the two defendants, for diſobedience to an award; and why the ſervice of that rule at their uſual place of reſidence, ſhould not be deemed good ſervice.

Mr. *Erſkine*, as counſel for the defendants, recommended it to his learned friend, before any expence was incurred, to conſider whether the court could poſſibly grant an attachment againſt Lord Falkland, who was a peer of the realm.

Mr. *Mingay* ſaid, he was not then prepared to argue that queſtion which would be decided when his learned friend ſhewed cauſe againſt the rule. An award had been made ordering Lord Falkland and Mr. King to pay a certain ſum of money, which they had not paid, and therefore he only moved for a rule to ſhew cauſe why an attachment ſhould not iſſue againſt them, for a contempt of an order of that court.

Lord *Kenyon*.—"I really do not know whether this caſe has ever happened. I remember the caſe of Earl Ferrers, which was before his preſent Majeſty's acceſſion to the throne; I was preſent when that caſe was argued in the houſe of Lords, which was for diſobedience of the High Prerogative Writ of Habeas Corpus.

"I recollect Lord Hardwicke ſaid, if the hereditary Sheriff for the county of Weſtmoreland, who was a nobleman (the Earl of Thanet), were guilty of a contempt, an attachment would go againſt him.

"Lord Falkland is a Scotch peer, and though not one of the ſixteen Scottiſh peers, yet, by the 23d article of the Union between the two nations, "All peers of Scotland, ſhall be peers of Great Britain, and rank next after thoſe of the ſame degree at the time of the Union, and ſhall have all the privileges of Parliament, except ſitting in the Houſe of Lords, and voting on the trial of a peer."

Take a rule to ſhew cauſe.

~~An~~ ASTONISHING OCCURRENCE.

~~Ludlow, Shropſhire, April, 1796~~.

A FEW weeks ago, one of the Oxford Dragoon horſes, quartered at Leominſter, in this neighbourhood, having got looſe in the ſtable, had the curioſity to march up

up a crooked ſtair-caſe, into the hay loft, with a view, no doubt, to examine his ſtock of proviſions: it is ſuppoſed he muſt have been there at leaſt two hours, when his rider coming to the ſtable, and miſſing his horſe, was thunderſtruck, knowing he had the key in his pocket. The poor fellow, not having the leaſt ſuſpicion of his horſe being up ſtairs, run like a madman, to inform an officer of his loſs, but had ſcarcely got twenty yards, when the animal (exulting in his ſtation) put his head through the pitching hole, and neighed aloud. The aſtoniſhment of the ſoldier, and the whole neighbourhood, can be better conceived than deſcribed. Every ſtratagem that could be deviſed, was made uſe of, to lead, or force him down the ſtairs, but all in vain; he ſaw the danger, and was obſtinate.

The horſe ran a conſiderable time, trotting, and ſnorting about the loft, to the no ſmall diverſion of the ſpectators; at length, having wearied their efforts and patience, he accidentally trod upon the only vulnerable part of the floor, a trap door, which covered a hole for ſacking hops, 27 inches by 23, which being made of weaker boards than the reſt, gave way; and his hinder part going down through, till his feet touched the ground, he remained a few ſeconds in that poſition, and then diſappeared, like Harlequin in a pantomine, or the Methodiſt parſon into the waſhing tub, and dropped into the very poſture and place in which he before ſtood in his ſtall, without any hurt except the loſs of a few hairs off one of his legs, and a piece of ſkin the ſize of a ſhilling, off his whiſkers. ~~Many perſons have been to~~ view the place, and cannot forbear expreſſing their wonder, that the creature could fall through ſo ſmall a hole without greater injury.

EPPING HUNT.

Eaſter Monday.

THE *Cocknies* attended this *diverſion* in tolerable numbers; but not being able to keep their ſaddles, their *ſport* conſiſted not in following the *ſtag*, but in endeavouring to overtake their affrighted *horſes.*

Among the caſualties of that luckleſs day, may be arranged the following, as moſt prominent, viz. A young haberdaſher from Fleet-ſtreet, with his *impure*, from Portland-ſtreet, Mary-le-bone, were overſet in their gig by a higler's cart, which was in full chaſe of the ſtag: the accident occurred near the Rein Deer; the gentleman's life was miraculouſly preſerved, by being pitched head-foremoſt into a horſe pond, and the lady received no other damage, than having her drapery ſullied in the fall; the delicacy of her character remained in *ſtatus quo.*

Deputy ——— of Cornhill, was run away with by a cheſnut gelding, at the commencement of the ſport, and, not conſidering him as an expert rider, he made an excellent *burſt*, by clinging faſt to the mane, to the aſtoniſhment of the ſurrounding multitude; but being forſaken by his courage, or his guardian genius, he loſt his hold in leaping through a quick ſet hedge, and was left bawling in the middle: the evils of this amiable citizen were complicated, as he not only loſt ſome mock turtle and three cuſtards, of his own preparing, but a manuſcript copy of the nine laſt years of his life, which he had adroitly rendered into a *farce*, for the amuſement of ſociety. When he was taken up, it was diſcovered, that a large thorn had perforated the *glutæs*, but he was immediately carried to a ſurgeon at Romford, where the wounds *a poſteriori* were ſoon

ſoon healed, by a ſoldering method peculiar to that renowned place.

Mr. R——n, a maſter taylor, on Garlick Hill, had received an order from a cuſtomer in Chigwell Row, to come and take meaſure of him for a ſuit of ſables; but fate having thrown this novel ſcene in *Snip's* way, he reſolved to take an advantage of his good fortune, and actually purſued the *ſtag* for three miles, but aiming at a fence, which intercepted his paſſage, his horſe leaped it, in a high ſtyle, notwithſtanding Mr. R's endeavours to the contrary, by which effort he was thrown into the center of a *cabbage garden*, and the ſteed has not ſince been heard of: this was the more unfortunate, as the keeper of the livery ſtables, from whence he hired the beaſt, would not commit him to Mr. R——n without a previous ſecurity for the ſafety of its return.

Yet what obſerver could expect leſs diſaſter, where all the parties were equally ignorant of *the duties of the chaſe*, and, in conſequence, interſected and interrupted each other in every poſſible angle—but "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good"—and the landlords of the *Bald-faced Stag*, and the *Rein Deer*, had their ſhare of the felicities of the day, as every room in each houſe was crowded with city ſportſmen; waſhing down the duſt with every ſpecies of beverage, and allaying their hunger with a fury only known to themſelves!

Another EXTRAORDINARY STAG HUNT!

A FEW evenings ſince, Sir F——d P——le, Bart. went down and ſlept at the Cock Inn, Epping, preparatory to the laſt day's ſtag-hunt; but going to repoſe ſo full of the pleaſures of the next day's field, he no ſooner fell aſleep than in imagination he entered upon the *chaſe* with his accuſtomed glee. After running the firſt *burſt* quietly enough in bed, he jumped up in order, as he ſuppoſed, to take a leap over a ſtyle; (here it may be very fairly aſked, where was his horſe?) but, to ſubſtitute this bar to his purſuits, he adroitly threw up the ſaſh, and ſtrided the ſuppoſed hunter; the window happened not to be far from *terra firma*, and, by luckily catching hold of the curtain he landed ſafely on the other ſide of the *hedge*.—Sir Ferdinand then continued the purſuit with great ardour, and had proceeded ſome conſiderable way towards Epping-Place Inn, when it appears Sir F. met with a *check*; Sir F. during his chace, kept the middle of the road, and which he was not eaſily made to relinquiſh; however, meeting with a broad-wheeled waggon, the driver of which perceiving ſomething in white before him, providentially ſtopped his horſes, or Sir F. muſt have been materially injured; Hodge, however, ſtill finding the ghoſt advance, and being a ſtout fellow, he ſtepped forward, and accoſted him with, "who's there" no reply being made, Hodge made bold to take him by the hand and ſhake him; it was not, however, till he had ſhook him two or three times as he would a *clod*, that Sir F. could be made to relinquiſh his *purſuit*, and acknowledge that he was *thrown out*. When Sir F. came to himſelf, his aſtoniſhment is eaſier to be conceived than deſcribed, however, upon recollecting that he had been in bed at the Cock, at Epping, and explaining that event to the aſtoniſhed waggoner, he re-conducted him to the inn, and knocked up the landlord; Sir F. and the hoſt immediately went to the room where he had ſlept, and there found the window and curtain in the ſituation above deſcribed; the dream alſo recurring to

to Sir Ferdinand, the whole of this wonderful event was accounted for.—Sir Fr. then went to bed again, had medical assistance, and continued at the inn several days, in consequence of the bruises he received in the fall from the window, and the cold he caught during the *chase*.

It must give much pleasure to all who have the happiness of knowing this worthy baronet, to be informed, that he has received no particular injury in this novel adventure; but it is possible, that Diana mistook him for one of her own minions, and pitifully guided him from the path of ruin.

Short REFLECTIONS *on the probable Tendency of the proposed* GAME BILL.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING read various epistles in various publications, depreciating the intended repeal of the game laws, suffer me, through the channel of your very excellent publication, to offer a brief refutation of such illiberal opinions. This is not the period when a wise man would wish to rivet the fetters of the middling classes of society, and what the creator sends generally for common gratification, should not be so partially administered.

They say this bill will transfer the power of the landlords into the hands of the tenants—admitting that in some degree, let me ask one question: Would they wish that the tenant (after paying an equivalent rent for his farm, and suffering in several respects through the medium of the game) should be debarred from killing a basket of game to oblige a friend, or, now and then, for the use of his own table? Should they answer in the affirmative, it would give me satisfaction to see them under the necessity of becoming tenants themselves, that I may experience how far they would then retain their present ideas.

They and I differ much in our judgment in regard to this bill's having any tendency towards the destruction of game; indeed I think the reverse; it would tend to its preservation—for, we must naturally suppose, when the farmers have liberty of sporting themselves they will keep a more vigilant eye to the poachers, and let no opportunity slip that may lead to their detection.

IDMONTA.

Heytesbury,
April 16, 1796.

HENRY WESTON.

ON Tuesday night, April 12, Henry Weston, charged with forging a warrant of attorney at the Bank, was taken at Liverpool, whither he went with an intention of going to the West Indies, having engaged a passage on board the ship Hector, bound for St. Vincent's, which put to sea on Tuesday, but was obliged to return on account of the wind having changed. All the money found on his person was 160 guineas, which with 20 guineas paid by him for his intended passage, was the whole sum he was possessed of.

This unfortunate young man belongs to a very respectable family in Ireland, and was nephew to the late Sir Hugh Palliser. Weston left his native country, when 18 years of age, on account of having defrauded his father and uncle of several sums

sums of money. As they would not give him any further countenance, he came to London, where he was almost destitute of every necessary; and applied to Mr. Bonus, a countryman of his, who recommended him to Mr. Cowan, of Ely-place, to manage his army agency business. His attention to business was such, as soon gained him the confidence of his employer.

Mr. Cowan, about two years ago, having occasion to be absent in the country, gave Weston an unlimited order to draw upon his banker for any sums he might want: to this implicit confidence of his employer he may date the origin of his ruin; for having no person to overlook, or to be a check upon him, he was tempted to hazard a large sum of money at a gambling house in Pall Mall, which he lost; and having gamed away nearly the whole property of his employer, he was at length induced, by the fatal hope of recovering it, to forge the name of General Tonyn to a warrant of attorney, whereby he received upwards of 10,000l. at the Bank, which did not uphold his extravagance more than two nights.

This matter lay undiscovered for some time, as he remitted the General's dividends regularly as they became due; he likewise obtained from his cousin, Mr. Walter, (now Sir Hugh Walter), a large part of the fortune left him by his uncles, under the idea of laying it out to advantage in the stocks, all of which was sunk at the gaming table. This brought him to such a state of desperation, that to obtain more money at any rate—at any risk, he had the audacity to take a woman to the Bank to personate the sister of General Tonyn, and in consequence obtained another considerable sum. This he had a favourable opportunity of doing, as he was in the habit of transacting money affairs for that lady, who met him about two months ago at the Panorama, where she accused him of neglecting her payments; and observed, that she had been under the necessity of writing to her brother at Ipswich, that day, to endeavour to enforce her payments; he immediately set off for Ipswich, and arrived at the Post-Office in time next morning to intercept her letter to her brother, which he answered as from the General, to the lady's satisfaction.

Finding at length that he could hold it out no longer, he set off about four o'clock on the Friday previous for Liverpool, attended by the servant of Mr. Cowan, who accompanied him as far as Finchley Common; when they parted, the servant returned home, and was immediately taken into custody, under the supposition that he was his confident, as his name was signed as witness to the warrant of attorney.

On Thursday night, Weston was brought to town.

Soon after he was taken into custody, he made an attempt to put an end to his own life, with a razor, which induced the officers to take every instrument of offence from him, and watch him as narrowly as possible. At Hounslow, however, where they stopped to change horses, being permitted to go into the yard, accompanied by one of the officers, he turned his back upon him, and cut his throat with a knife, which he afterwards acknowledged he took from a house where they had stopped for refreshment. It being dark at the time, and getting into the chaise immediately, without returning into the house, this circumstance was not perceived till they got to Mr. Addington's house, in Vine-street, before whom the prisoner was immediately taken, when he appeared all covered with blood: a surgeon being

ing sent for, the wound (which at present has no very dangerous symptom) was sewed up, and he was ordered to remain in custody, at the house of an officer in Bow-street, until sufficiently recovered to undergo an examination.

As Hounslow is not in the road from Liverpool, it is necessary to notice, that the officers, for certain reasons, took a circuitous route on their return with the prisoner.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Account of the OFFICERS *and* GOVERNMENT *of* NEW FOREST, *in Hampshire.*

WITH regard to the situation and boundaries of this extensive forest, it occupies the south-west extremity in Hampshire; and in its earlier form, was a kind of peninsula, bounded by the bay of Southampton on the east, by the river Avon on the west, and on the south by the channel of the Isle of Wight, as far the Needles, and to the west of those rocks by the ocean. Thus the boundaries of New Forest were determined by the natural lines of the country.

This tract of woodland was originally made a forest by William I. in the year 1079, about thirteen years after the battle of Hastings, and is indeed the only forest in England whose origin can be traced. It took the denomination of New Forest from its being an addition to the many forests which the crown already possessed; and which had formerly been appropriated in feudal times. The original name of this tract of country Ytene..

The government of New Forest is, at this time, nearly what it originally was, excepting only that the abolition of forest law hath restrained the power of its officers.

The chief officer belonging to it is the lord-warden, who is generally some person of great distinction. The present lord-warden is the Duke of Gloucester: under him are two distinct appointments of officers; the one to preserve the venison of the forest, and the other to preserve its vert. The former term in the language of forest-law, includes all species of game; the latter respects the woods and lawns, which harbour and feed them.

Of these officers, who superintend the game, are, first, the two Rangers. But the office of Ranger, as well as that of Bow-bearer, and a few others, have been long in disuse; at least they seem to be delegated to the keepers, of which there are fifteen, who preside over as many walks, into which the forest is divided. In each walk is erected a lodge; a few of these lodges are elegant mansions, and are the habitations of the keepers, who are generally men of fashion or fortune: Prince William of Gloucester has one, the Duke of Bolton another, and Lord Delewar a third; but, in general, the lodges are but moderate buildings, and are inhabited by the under-keepers, or groom-keepers, as they are called, on whom the executive part of the keeper's office devolves.

The under-keeper feeds the deer in winter—browzes them in summer—knows where to find a fat buck—executes the King's warrants for venison—presents offenees in the forest courts—and prevents the destruction of game. In this last article his virtue is chiefly shown; and to this purpose, the memory of every sound keeper should be furnished with this cabalistic verse:

Stable-stand;
Dog-draw;
Back-bear; and
Bloody-hand.

I

It implies the ſeveral circumſtances in which offenders may be taken, with the manner as it is phraſed. If a man be found armed, and ſtationed in ſome ſuſpicious part of the foreſt—or if he be found with a dog purſuing a ſtricken deer—or if he be found carrying a dead deer on his back—or, laſtly, if he be found bloody in the foreſt; he is, in all theſe caſes, ſeizable, though the fact of killing a deer cannot be proved upon him. The underkeeper alſo *drives the foreſt*; that is, he annually impounds all the cattle that paſture in his walk, and ſees them examined, and properly marked.

With regard to the woods of the foreſt, which were originally conſidered only as they reſpected game. The firſt officer under the Lordwarden, is the Woodward: it is his buſineſs, as his title denotes, to inſpect the woods: he prevents waſte—he ſees that young trees are properly fenced—and he aſſigns timber for the payment of foreſt officers. This timber is ſold by auction, at the court, at Lyndhurſt, and annually amounts to ſeven hundred pounds, which is the ſum required.

Under the Woodward, are twelve Regarders; and to theſe, indeed, chiefly is delegated the executive part of his office. The Regarders ſeize the hedge bills and axes of treſpaſſers; preſent offences in the foreſt courts, and aſſign ſuch timber as is claimed by the inhabitants and borderers on the foreſt for fuel and repairs. Of this inferior wood, there are great quantities aſſigned.

Beſides theſe officers, who are in effect the officers of the crown, as they are appointed by the Lordwarden; there are four others, called Verdurers, who are commonly gentlemen of property and intereſt in the neighbourhood, and are elected like knights of the ſhire, by the freeholders of the county. Theſe officers, ſince the *juſticiary in eyre* has been a ſinecure, are the only judges of the foreſt courts. The Verdurer is an ancient foreſt officer. His name occurs in the earlieſt account of foreſt law; but though his appointment has at preſent a democratical caſt, it is probable that he was formerly a royal officer, and that his election by the freeholders of the county was extorted from the crown in ſome period favourable to liberty.

As New Foreſt was always conſidered as the great magazine of navy timber, the Verdurers were impowered, by an act of parliament, in King William's time, to fine delinquents to the amount of five pounds, in their attachment courts, whereas in all the other foreſts of England, the fine does not amount to more than a few pence, which was the original amerſement.

The Verdurer is an officer without ſalary; but by ancient cuſtom he was entitled to courſe, and take what deer he pleaſed in his way to the foreſt court: but this privilege is now compounded by an annual fee of a buck and a doe.

Beſides theſe ancient officers of the foreſt, there is one of later inſtitution, ſince timber became valuable as a material. He is called the Purveyor, and is appointed by the commiſſioner of the dock at Portſmouth. His buſineſs is to aſſign timber for the uſe of the navy. The origin of the Purveyor, is not earlier than the reign of Charles II. in whoſe time five hundred oaks and fifty beeches, were annually aſſigned for the King's yards, and this officer was appointed to aſſign them. But it being found that the foreſt could ill ſupply ſo large a quantity of oak, this number was reduced to ſixty; which, together with fifty beeches, are ſtill annually aſſigned. The Purveyor has a

ſalary

salary of fifty pounds a year, and 6s. 8d. a day when on duty.

That very singular character, the Hon. William Hastings, was an officer of this forest; the extraordinary memoirs of whom, may be found in our second vol. p. 239.

Animals, &c. in the Island of Ceylon.

OF the animals on this island, the elephant deserves our first notice. They are so numerous, and mischievous, that travelling is unsafe without soldiers to frighten them away with the noise of drums; but they are most dangerous towards the evening, when they are hungry. At a place called Matura, there are vast stables, where the elephants are tamed, and afterwards sold to the Moors of Bengal and Coromandel. The Ceylon elephant is preferred to all others, and is reckoned the largest in India. Horses were brought hither by the Portuguese; and they are now so multiplied, that they feed in droves. Buffaloes are very numerous; and they have likewise bulls, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, stags, deer, elk, tame and wild boars, hares, partridges, and monkeys in abundance.

Tygers, bears, jackalls, and leopards, in vast numbers, inhabit the woods, and there are vast varieties of birds; those called murkattos, by the Portuguese, often steal young chickens. The owls make a terrible noise in the night-time. They have geese, herons, wild and tame ducks, peacocks, pigeons, turtles, paraquets, pewits, swallows, bats, &c.—They have also abundance of singing birds; larks, seagulls, and water snipes; bees, fire flies, gnats, and locusts. They have likewise variety of fish; as capaps, plaice, crabs, pikes, king-fish, sail fish, craw fish, haddocks, gallon fish, sharks, doradoes, sardins, large smelts, bat fish, seals, oysters, shrimps, pampuses, barbels, &c. They have likewise, the true crocodiles (not the alligators of America, which smell of musk) some of which are 18 feet long.

Serpents are very common all over the island of Ceylon. The sea serpents are sometimes nine or ten feet long. The land snakes, called rat catchers, are likewise very large, and get to the tops of houses, but they are very harmless. Those called cobres copellos by the Portuguese, are very dangerous; their bite is generally fatal. There are several other sorts, for which they have no European names; as also centipees, scorpions, prodigious spiders, toads, frogs, &c.

PUGILISM.

ON Wednesday the 6th instant, a vast concourse of people assembled on Wimbledon Common, to be spectators of a pitched battle between Cordy, an Irishman, and Haines, who has obtained some celebrity in that art in the West of England. The match was for 100 guineas aside. The combatants set too soon after two o'clock, and after four rounds only, the Irishman was declared victor. The want of what, in the language of boxers, is termed *bottom*, on the part of Haines, disgusted the company exceedingly, who, to speak the truth, had paid somewhat dearly for so mean an exhibition, having rode through one continued cloud of dust, from the metropolis to the field of battle, raised by chaises, carts, horses, asses and ragged pedestrians.—No money was taken on this occasion, for the privilege of beholding the conflict: those gentlemen disdained to take so pitiful an advantage of *public* curiosity. The parties fought in a hollow

hollow, very near the foot of ABERSHAW's gibbet, who seemed to regard the combat with the utmost apathy; when the victor had been duly crowned with a wreath of *shamrock*, and quaffed a libation to the memory of *Big Ben* in a pint of LIPTRAP's best gin, the cavalcade moved towards the metropolis with becoming decency, and as little confusion as possible.

Perhaps it may be noted as a proof of the degeneracy of the age, that there were no persons of rank present on this momentous occasion and the only persons of distinction visible, were Mr. J——, the actor; the Ruffian and the Sandman from Dyot Street.

The DOG TAX.

THE first clause of the bill now before the House of Commons *(the blanks of which are not yet filled up with the sums, &c.)* enacts, that the produce shall be collected and received by the same persons as are now authorized to collect the poor rates, and shall be recoverable by distress or otherwise.

The second provides, that where there are no rates or assessments, paid, the sum collected shall be applied to general county purposes.

The third enacts, that the persons authorized to collect the duty shall once a quarter make out accounts or registers, containing the names of all persons, and the sums at which they are rated in respect to their dogs or bitches, in order that the same may be examined which shall be deemed good evidence; and such accounts or registers shall be affixed on the church or chapel door, or other public place of each parish, &c. there to remain during the time of divine service on the first Sunday next after such duty shall be first assessed in every quarter.

The fourth inflicts a penalty on the collectors, if they neglect to comply with the foregoing injunctions.

The fifth enacts, that from the time at which the first duty shall be assessed, no person shall be liable to any action, penalty, or punishment, for killing, destroying, or converting to his own use any dog for which the owner shall not have paid the required sum.

Provided always, "that no owner or keeper of any dog or bitch shall be deemed or held liable to the payment of the said sum of —— or any part thereof, until such dog or bitch shall be of the age of —"

Provided also, "that no person shall be entitled to, or gain any settlement, vote, right, privilege, or advantage, on account of any duty, charge, or assessment, to be raised, levied, or paid by virtue of this act."

Proceedings in the HOUSE *of* COMMONS *on the* DOG TAX BILL.

April 5.

THE House having resolved itself into a Committee on the subject,

Mr. *Dent* rose, and stated a variety of reasons why, in his opinion, a tax should be imposed upon dogs. He stated on a calculation, the number of families to be two millions, and that each family, on an average, kept one dog, there were therefore two millions of dogs. By laying a tax of half a crown upon each (except those kept as guides for blind men), there would be one million at least he supposed destroyed, and the tax on the remainder would produce 125,000l. a year.

Mr.

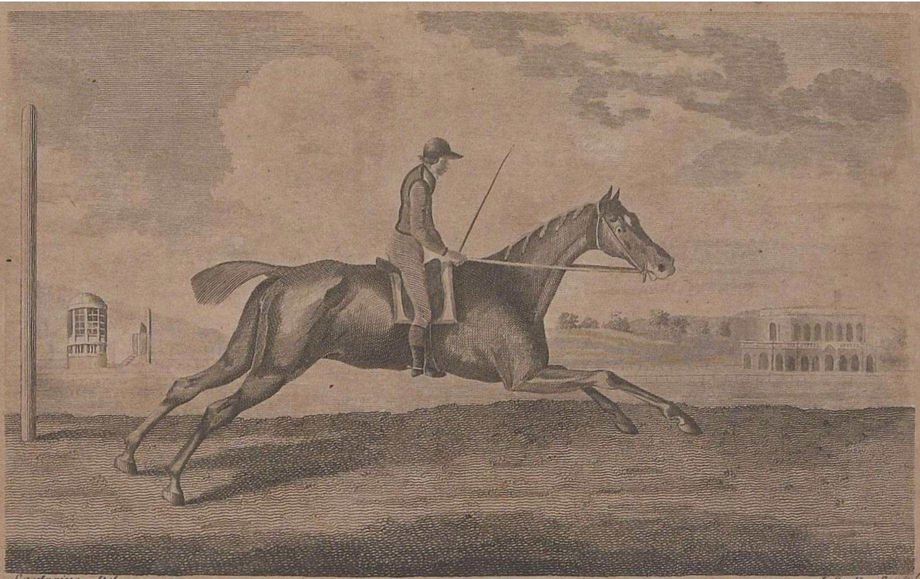
Mr. *Dent* next went into a history of dogs, to shew their great enmity to sheep—50,000 of which were annually destroyed by their shocking dogs. Amongst other proofs of their voracious proceedings, he stated that a clergyman in Devonshire, had informed him in a letter, that one dog only had worried, in his neighbourhood, 400 sheep, and that 200 men had been in search of this dog, and had not found him yet. [*This curious story almost convulsed the house with laughter.*] It had been once stated in evidence, before Lord Chief Justice Hale, that a dog had been seen to kill two sheep, and had afterwards (conscious of his guilt) gone into a pond and washed himself. [*Another loud laugh.*] The dogs of poor people were not the only aggressors; for however highly he valued his Right Honourable friend (Mr. Pitt), he was obliged to state that even that gentleman's dogs were equally criminal, since a dog had been seen to worry some innocent sheep and lambs in the neighbourhood of *Holwood*; some persons caught the said dog, and perusing an inscription upon his collar; found the words "*Right Honourable*——————" he left the committee to fill up the blanks. The dog was, however, pardoned out of respect to his master. [*The admirable and playsome manner of delivering these excellent remarks, threw the House into a peal of laughter, and it was some time before its gravity was resumed.*] If humanity, in preventing the horrid consequences of the hydrophobia, did not weigh with the house, surely a consideration he was about to state would. Allowing a penny a day (and no dog he thought could be kept for less), the food of two million dogs costs this country three millions sterling, which was 700,000l. more than all the rates for the aged poor of the country. One gentleman, he was creditably informed, contracted for wheat, barley, flour, oats and meal, at 800l. per annum, for his kennel. Another gentleman expended 400l. per annum, on his dogs. There was another fact he could not but mention, which was, that a gentleman's fox hounds having had a long chace, were clamouring with hunger, and in this state came through a country town;—to supply their wants, every baker's shop in the town was ransacked, when hundreds of human beings had not, perhaps, a morsel of bread to eat. Under these circumstances he hoped that the tax he had moved would be agreed to—and if so, he would move for another tax upon kennelled hounds.

Colonel *Stanley* having seconded the motion,

Mr. *Pitt* rose, and approved of a tax on dogs, with proper distinctions. The poor, in Mr. Dent's motion, were not properly considered—a distinction ought, undoubtedly to be drawn between the opulent and the poor, otherwise the tax would be deemed, with much justice, a harsh one.

That distinction he should propose thus: Three shillings per annum for each dog that shall be kept by a person who pays any assessed taxes, and only one shilling for each dog kept by all those who do not pay assessed taxes. The shilling tax might be well applied entirely to parochial purposes; but the remaining two thirds of the duty he should propose to be brought forward for public purposes.

Mr. *Pitt* having moved this amendment, several gentlemen spoke, among whom Mr. *Lechmere* was the most to the point. He thought that gentleman who kept packs of hounds ought to pay high for them in proportion to their number.



Sartorius . Del. *I. Scott . Sculp.*

Mr. Wilson's Eliza with a View of York Course

Publish'd May 1st 1796, by I. Wheble Warwick Court.

number. Was the ſum of three ſhillings per dog, he would aſk, an adequate tax for them to pay, when all who paid aſſeſſed taxes were to pay that ſum? Surely not. There was another ſpecies of dogs (he meant no offence to the ladies) and theſe were lap-dogs or puppies, which were daily to be ſeen in the parks taking their mornings ride on a velvet cuſhion, in the arms of an athletic footman. That ſuch worthleſs animals as theſe were ſuffered to feed upon the luxury of a table, in ſuch times as theſe too, was a diſgrace to the country, and too fully demonſtrates the vitiated feelings of the reſpective owners. A heavy tax upon theſe dogs he would moſt cheerfully ſupport.

Mr. *Pitt's* amendment was put and carried.

April 15.

THE ſubject was reſumed. The Dog Tax bill was read a firſt time, and on the motion for the ſecond reading,

The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice that he ſhould perſiſt in claiming ſome of the money impoſed by this bill for the public benefit; and that he ſhould alſo perſiſt in drawing a diſtinction between perſons liable to pay this tax. The plan which he ſhould propoſe to the committee was that which he had before ſtated to the Houſe, of charging three ſhillings upon every owner of a dog, who pays aſſeſſed taxes, two ſhillings of which he meant to claim for the public uſe, and to apply the other to parochial purpoſes, but from thoſe perſons who keep a dog, and do not pay aſſeſſed taxes, he ſhould demand only one ſhilling, which might be paid as a pariſh rate.

There was another benefit which might be derived from this tax by the State, which was to ſubject thoſe perſons who keep more than one dog, and are able to afford it, to a heavier penalty. He ſhould propoſe in the Committee to carry it up as high as five ſhillings for every dog, four of which he ſhould apply to the ſervice of the State, and at this rate, though he did not carry his computation ſo high as the Honourable Gentleman (Mr. Dent), he calculated the tax would be able to produce a revenue of 100,000l. per annum.

Mr. Dent was ſorry to differ from his Right Hon. Friend, but he conceived the only benefit to be derived ought to be in regard to the poor-rates, and if the money were applied to any other uſe, he thought the tax would be unproductive and unpopular.

Some other members were proceeding to deliver their opinions on the ſubject, but were prevented by the Speaker, who ſaid there was no queſtion before the Houſe.

The Bill was then ordered to be printed, and to be read a ſecond time on Wedneſday next.

ELIZA,

With a beautiful Engraving from a Drawing by Mr. I. N. Sartorius.

ELIZA was got by Highflyer, and is the property of Chriſtopher Wilſon, Eſq. She is repreſented as running over York Courſe. Mr. Satorius went to York to take her portrait, after her winning the great ſweepſtakes there.

EXTRAORDINARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE following very extraordinary circumſtance took place a few days ſince at Peuſy, in Buckinghamſhire:—A ſwan, while ſitting on her eggs on the ſide of the

the river, obſerved a fox ſwimming towards her from the oppoſite ſhore, and rightly judging ſhe could encounter the enemy beſt in her own element, inſtantly darted into the water, and having beat off the fox for a conſiderable time, with her wings, actually ſucceeded in drowning him, to the aſtoniſhment of ſeveral perſons, ſpectators of this ſingular phœnomenon.

Lewes, March 21.

On Tueſday morning, as a gentleman was driving a blood horſe in a whiſkey near the Stag-Inn, in this town, the beaſt took fright, and becoming quite unmanageable with the reins, ran with great fury over a poſt, on which the chaiſe hung by the axle-tree, and the driver was, by the ſudden jerk, thrown from the carriage to a conſiderable diſtance on the road, but happily without receiving any material injury. The chaiſe and harneſs were very much broken, and the horſe in tearing away from the ſhafts, fell, by which his knees and ſhoulders were much cut.

A farmer at Warning Camp, near Arundel, has a gooſe that ſits upon nineteen eggs, the firſt of which ſhe laid on the thirteenth of January laſt.

A beautiful hunter had his two fore legs and his neck broken laſt month, near Dublin, by being forced upon a leap of a ſtone wall, for a wager of *half a pint of whiſkey*, between two grooms. The cruelties of man to the animals that ſerve him, as the horſe does, and protect and love him, as the dog does, are among the moſt horrid parts of his hiſtory and character.

Mr. Knight, of Offham, near this town, having loſt a number of young pigeons from his dove-houſe, one night laſt week, took his gun and kept watch for the thief, who ſoon made his appearance, and proved to be an owl. Mr. Knight ſuffered him to enter his premiſes, but ſoon after, as the ſcudding rogue was making off with his booty, the remains of two young pigeons, he let fly and brought him to the ground.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

On Friday evening a little muſical drama of two acts, brought forward for the firſt time at this theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Banniſter, Jun. called *The Smugglers*, which upon the whole, was favourably received. Like moſt other muſical pieces, it is ſlight in its conſtruction, but not without a fable productive of ſome intereſt and much entertainment. The airs are tolerably written, and were admirably ſung, eſpecially thoſe by Miſs Leak, Dignum, and Maſter Walſh. It is ſaid to be the production of the pen of a worthy member of the Corporation of London, who annually invokes his muſe to pay the tribute of friendſhip to theatrical merit. The muſic is by Attwood, and in no degree his meaneſt compoſition.

OLD YATES, THE ACTOR.

Old Yates, the comic actor, is dead, at the vaſt age of 84, and what is rarer ſtill for a player, with the vaſt property of 36,000. He was, by ſome people, rated highly as an actor; but he was not the firſt actor who has been over-rated. He might, now and then, have ſome correctneſs in his deſign, but his finiſhing was cold and wanting colour. Yates and Dunſtall were old actors at Goodman's Fields, when that theatre was immortalized by the fame and merit of Garrick. Of the property above-mentioned, no

ſmall

ſmall part of it, 10,000l. was got in the management of the Opera, with Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Brooke, author of Emily Montague. Another third of his property came from an economy, and other efforts, that were at leaſt mean and dubious. For he had a vulgar appetite for pelf; and at his benefits went through all extremities to get it. On his wife's night, he uſed to attend perſonally in the gallery to pack it. And he uſed to parley with the people, entreating them to ſit cloſe, as Mrs. Yates was the greateſt actreſs in the world, and had but one night in the year.—Such was Yates the comic actor.

CAT AND KITTEN EATERS.

A man, at a public houſe at Reepham, in Norfolk, on Monday, the 11th of April, for the trifling ſum of 2s. actually devoured two live kittens, and a farthing candle, by way of ſauce!

A fellow, of the name of Spong, of Woodſide, near Old Windſor, rendered infamous by eating a cat alive, and of being in the conſtant habit of ſuch horrid practices, is committed to Reading goal for the murder of an infant ſix months old.

On Tueſday, April 5th, was run over the race ground at Tinwald Downs, a match for 100 guineas, betwixt Col. M'Dowall's cheſnut mare, Ducheſs, Capt. Cathcart's cheſnut mare, Creeping Kate, and Capt. Dalzell's cheſnut horſe, Ranger, two-mile heats, which was won by Capt. Cathcart's mare. There was much betting, and the *knowing ones* completely taken in; Ranger being the favourite both at ſtarting, and after the firſt heat.—In the evening, Col. M'Dowall gave an elegant ball and ſupper to the ladies and gentlemen of Dumfries and neighbourhood.

A writer, after ſtating that there were 13,782 more females than males born in the laſt year, moſt *ungallantly* calls this augmentation of the fair ſex, an *increaſing evil.*

Should a *ſurfeit* take on the worthy chief magiſtrate, the following epitaph would come *pat* to the purpoſe:

'Here lies the GREAT CURTIS, the famous Lord Mayor,
'Who has left THIS HERE world, and gone to THAT THERE!

ANECDOTE.

During the late war, when draughts were made from the militia, to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men who were draughted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, againſt going into the ſervice. Accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his ſpeech, came up to the captain, and made his bow. "What is your objection?" ſaid the captain. "I ca-a-ant go," anſwers the man, "becauſe I ſt-ſt ſtutter." "Stutter!" ſays the captain, "you don't go there to talk but to fight." "Ay, but they'll p-p-put me upon g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-half a mile, before I can ſay "wh-who goes there? "Oh that is no objection, for they will place ſome other ſentry with you, and he can challenge, if you can fire;" "well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken and run through the g-g-guts, before I can cry qu-ququarter." This laſt plea prevailed, and the captain out of humanity, (laughing heartily) diſmiſſed him.

The two daughters of Wrighten, the Drury-lane prompter, with Chalmers, once of Covent-garden theatre, are now playing at Charleſtown. What the *ſucceſs* of the theatre is, we know not, but

 it

is not far advanced in *refinement.* The following N. B. appears at the bottom of the bill: "The manager requests that no gentleman will *smoke* in the boxes or pit!"

ANECDOTE.

Sir Wm. Dawes, Archbishop of York, was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him for the first time, after he had lost his lady, he told them he feared they did not find things in such good order as they used to be in the time of poor Mary; and, looking extremely sorrowful, added, with a deep sigh, "She was indeed *Mare pacificum!*" A curate, who pretty well knew what she had been, called out, "Aye, my lord, but she was *Mare mortuum* first." Sir William gave him a living of 200l. per annum within two months afterwards.

FOX HUNT.

The Marchioness of Salisbury, on Saturday, the 1st of April, tried the mettle of fifteen couple of her hounds against an equal number of the crack hounds of Mr. Calvert. Her ladyship arrived, at eleven o'clock, at Aston Wood, near Broadwater, where the junction was formed, and they threw off, and drew several covers, till they found at Unleys, which fox was killed after a short, but sharp burst of thirty-five minutes, at Knabworth.—No superiority was discovered in the course of the day, though two other foxes were found, neither of which afforded any running, from the dryness of the ground; so that this contest remains yet to be decided. The field was so numerous as to reckon, at least, 400 horsemen. Lady Salisbury, and her numerous honorary suite, appeared in the uniform of the Hatfield hunt: viz. sky-blue, with black collar and lapel, and jockey caps. The Marchioness was foremost, as usual, in taking all the *dashing leaps* that came before her!

On Monday, the 4th instant, a match was run at Lambourn, between Lord Viscount Ashbroke's brown horse, Tally-ho, 16 years old, carrying 11 stone, and Mr. Thoyts's brown hunter, Teazer, 6 years old, carrying 10 stone; which was won by the former. Great odds were laid against the winner, and the knowing ones were completely taken in. We never observed such an assemblage of beauty and fashion on a similar occasion.

A similar circumstance, where the farce of the "Dead Alive" was attempted to be acted, happened some years ago, in a battalion of native infantry, while on the line of march:—Just as the officers had breakfasted, an immense crowd of natives advanced, shouting and calling out for justice. At length the body of a man, apparently murdered, covered with a bloody cloth, was laid before the entrance of the tent.—The father, mother, uncles, aunts, brothers, &c. of the deceased, attended to prove the identity of the murderers. The battalion was ordered out, and several of the Sepoys, who had a quarrel in the Bazar, were fixed upon. The necessary dispositions were making for sending the witnesses and Sepoys down to Calcutta, when one of the young subalterns, (an Hibernian), having attentively examined the body, called for a kettle of boiling water, "because, if the man was dead, a little washing, by J—s, would do him no harm." No sooner did the waters touch the breast, than up started the supposed dead man, rushed through the crowd, upsetting all the near relations that stood in the way, and was soon out of sight.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

AN ELEGY,

Written in Soho Square, on seeing Mrs. Connely's House in Ruins.

By Anthony Pasquin, Esq.

HITHER ye lowly, insolent, and vain,
Whose frantic deeds gives meditation food;
Ye varied tribes, who circle pleasure's fane,
Ye jocund prodigals of social good.
The fallen fragments of this pile survey,
Then yield to memory's toils the residue of day.

Here civil phrenzy was approv'd and known,
Here Fashion's tainted stream was taught to flow;
Here Reason left her elevated throne,
To scatter frolickly the seeds of woe;
The cares of state, the props of general weal
Sunk 'neath the rapid pressure of the dancer's heel.

Here beauty rov'd triumphant in her charms
To bear the diadem of pride away;
Here gallant fraud assail'd her with his arms,
Waken'd her senses, and embrac'd his prey.
Touch'd by the barb of grief, the victim fell,
While desperation's minions wrung her virgin's knell.

Ah, luckless nymph! that fascinating breast,
Pure as the whitest of the alpine snows
Which heav'd at tales of excellence distrest,
And lost in other's pangs its own repose.
Bemoan'd the innovations of decay,
And blaz'd, and wept, and perish'd like the genial day.

Here rude intemperance the meek annoy'd,
Here habit gave the lesser evils birth;
With cruel industry were both employ'd,
To weave their strength, and banish modest worth!
They burst those chords which made the bosom swell,
And trembling mark'd its way to pity's silent cell.

Here high-swoln vanity, of motley hue,
Superbly hail'd her congregated fools;
Who scoff'd the virtues as they rose in view,
And wrote in adamant her baneful rules.
While the seducing lute's enerving strain,
Beguil'd the hood-wink'd throng from intellectual pain.

Here many a heart for god-like efforts brac'd,
Was riv'd and sully'd by pollution's breath;
Their gen'rous atoms were by vice disgrac'd,
They found, alas! the truth of life—in death!
Thus hinds are led, when shut from Cynthia's ray,
By brilliant faithless gleams through ruin's miry way.

Here calm Philosophy to maniacs bow'd,
Here rumour's progeny upheld her reign;
Here science mingled with the babbling crowd,
Whom rapture beckoned 'mid delusion's train;
And Bacchus' goblet with his gifts o'erflow'd
Till the nectareous juice bestain'd the checquer'd road.

Here oft the spendthrift of unvalued hours
Survey'd, with apathy, the ills of time,
Who heaven directed circumscribed his powers,
And smote his being ere he knew his prime,
Till all his honours flitted like a dream,
Melted by recreant guilt's intolerable beam.

Ah, whither are those myriads, taste combin'd,
Who leagu'd the moral canons to destroy?
And where those lawless tumults of the mind,
That wit call'd madness, and the madd'ning joy?
All, all are vanish'd from the astonish'd sight,
Sunk beneath hope's bright smile, and shrouded by the night.

Those walls which echo'd with a lover's sighs,
And gave responsive many an ideot's tale,
Those gaudy scenes which dazzled magic eyes,
Those pregnant sounds which harmonized the gale,
Are all dismember'd, driv'n, crush'd and torn,
Like worthless weightless chaff, o'er Hyrcan desarts borne.

Voluptuousness no more shall chasten thought,
Phœbus no more shall on their vigils peep;
Who misbeheld those extasies they sought,
Who violated peace, who murdered sleep:
The route is o'er, the revelry is done,
And irresistless Fate has clouded Folly's sun:

INSCRIPTION IN AN HERMITAGE.

O WELCOME to this solitary spot!
Secluded from a world of care and strife,
Be here the Hermit's peace of mind your lot,
Without a penance of a Hermit's life.

For here you gaze not on the gloomy shed,
Where Superstition once retir'd to pray;
Where heart-struck guilt to meet repentance fled,
And wash with contrite tears his crimes away.

But harmless Pleasure's vot'ries here recline,
But here the hour to pensive thought is giv'n,
While Virtue's smiles each social joy refine,
While Wisdom points th'aspiring soul to Heav'n.

Nor you, ye gay, these truest friends disdain,
Although they seldom in your haunt appear;
Unbless'd by them, each hope of bliss is vain:
A sparkling gem, dissolving to a tear.

Then here let youth and beauty oft repair,
Here let the heart with glowing rapture swell:
Yet sometimes deign one vacant hour to spare,
To reap instruction in the Hermit's cell.

S. W.

TO MRS. BISHOP.

WITH A POCKET LOOKING-GLASS.

Written by the Rev. Mr. Bishop, Master of the Merchant Taylor's School.

TO you, dear wife, (and all must grant,
A wife's no common confidant)
I dare my secret soul reveal,
What'er I think, what'er I feel;
This verse for instance I design,
To mark a female friend of mine,
Whom long with passion's warmest glee,
I've seen, and could for ever see.
But near me first describe the dame;
If candour then can blame me—blame.
I've seen her charms, at forty, more
Than half her sex at twenty-four;
Seen her, with equal sense and ease,
Drawn right to rule, form will to please;
Seen

Seen her so frankly give and spare
At once, with so discreet a care,
As if her sense, and her's alone,
Could limit bounty like her own;
Seen her, in Nature's simplest guise,
Above arts, airs, and fashion's rise;
And, when her peers she had surpass'd,
Improv'd upon herself at last;
Seen her, in short, in every part,
Discernment, temper, figure, heart,
So perfect, that till Heaven remove her,
I must admire her, court her, love her!

Molly, I speak the thing I mean;
So rare a woman I have seen;
And send this honest glass, that you,
Whene'er you please, may see her too.

HARVEST HOME.

IN days of yore, e'er rustic worth was flown,
When hardy yeomen were a race well known,
When wealth, substantial, kept the place of shew,
When farms were small, and ev'ry rent was low;
When *old dock'd Dobbin* taken from the cart,
Bore farmer *smock frock* to the neighb'ring mart;
But *now*, with choice of boots, and *natty* whips,
Mounts on a steed descended from *Eclipse*!
He *then* contented was with homely cheer,
The savoury rasher, and the sparkling beer
Now see our farmer in his tavern sat,
Growing—he lacks his *quantam* of *green fat*;
And, as he smacks his lips, he swells his note,
And swears—"This bottle has not half a coat!"
The good old dame *then* rose at dawn of day,
And, 'twixt two panniers, jogg'd to town her way;
Sold cheese and butter, which her hands had made,
Nor wore *kid gloves*, nor sought th' *umbrella's shade*;
She car'd for winds nor rain, a single fig.—
Oft' grac'd the *cart*, but never saw—a *gigg*!
Then, every daughter work'd in barn or dairy,
When *Miss* was Joan, and *Miss Maria* Mary;
Ere *scarlet cloaks*, and *home-knit hose* were spurn'd,
Or the old *safeguard* to a *spencer* turn'd.
In times like those—it was th' accustom'd plan
Some lot of ground to give each lab'ring man;
And when the harvest of the 'Squire was over,
Each hind help'd in his fellow-labourer's store;
That task complete, they clubb'd the merry tale,
And Harvest Home resounded thro' the vale.

THE FARMER'S CREED.

By Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, *Bart. President of the Agricultural Board.*

LET this be held the Farmer's Creed—
For stock seek out the choicest breed,
In peace and plenty let them feed—
Your land sow with the best of seed,
Let it not dung nor dressing need,
Inclose and drain it with all speed—
And you will soon be rich indeed!

IMITATION OF *Horace's Ode*, "OTIUM DIVOS, &c."

EASE is the prayer, Sir, of him who, benighted,—
Crossing at *Bowness*,—by rain's overtaken;
Nor moon, star, nor rush-light, for guide!—He affrighted,
Sweats for his bacon.

Ease is the wish of each Jew with his box, Sir;
For ease ev'ry *thief*, ev'ry *vagrant* is sighing,
Ease!—not to be bought by being set in the stock's, Sir,
Swearing, or lying.

'Tis not ensign's pay, nor the titter of beauty,
Nor th' obsequious attendance of hostlers and waiters,
Can chase all the troubles attendant on duty,
Sword-knots, and gaters.

That man, of all others, lives surely most happy,
Who,—his grandsire's old chair his fireside still adorning,
Jokes all *day*,—and at *night*, by his own drink made nappy,
Snores till the morning.

Short-

Short-lived as we are, why lose such time in scheming;
Why leave our own country,—to seek sordid pelf too?
Who that e'er ran to regions where strange suns were beaming,
Ran from himself too.

Care picks up our shepherds on *Skiddaw* and *gravel*;
Swift as the HELM-WINDS on *Cross-Fell*—the wizzard,
Seizes on warriors,—or terrene, or naval,
Pinching each gizzard.

But he who enjoys in good-humour the present,
Still valuing duly his own share of *merit*,
Best *tempers* life's cup;—for a life *always pleasant*,
None can inherit.

Death in a hurry has kick'd off some great men;
Some till protracted old-age do not find him;
And now,—so *philosophis'd* are they,—of late, men
Don't seem to mind him.

You—have of flocks and of herds an abundance;
A boat, and a horse,—(as you're hunter, or sailor)
Of pantaloons, waistcoats, frocks, coats, a redundance:
Joy to your taylor!

I,—thanks to fate! have so *little* to care for,
'Tis my own fault alone if life teem not with pleasure:
But too *long* a verse may *purloin* some,—and therefore
Here ends my measure.

Kendal, April 1.

LINES

On seeing a wretched Old Man beating unmercifully a poor half-famished Horse.

"A *good man*, so the scriptures say,
"*To his poor beast is kind*,"
For reason's mild efficient ray
Shall harmonize his mind;
Lord, what is man, of reason reft?
A reptile of the earth!
A worm, on parching desert left
To wail its wayward birth.
Or, Maniac fierce as howling air
In furious whirlwinds driven;
And, thro' the void of full despair,
Contemning proffer'd Heaven.
But, can *he*—cheer'd with reason's beam,
Erect the chast'ning rod—
And lash, with rigour in extreme,
The creature of his God?
Can he his quiv'ring limbs behold,
Behold his half-closed eyes—
His sides with sweat all icy—cold—
As down he sinks—and dies?
Are such thy deeds, atrocious man?
Thou fragile child of clay!
Behold thy life—a trivial span!
The meteor of a day!
And dread'st thou not a long, long night,
A reck'ning sad, and sore!
When this thy transient beam of light
Shall set—to rise no more!

A. F.

Edgefield Parsonage.

The following Verses were composed on the occasion of the Duke of Norfolk dining with the Society of Ancient Britons on St David's Day.—After Dinner, his Grace, in a neat and appropriate Speech, informed the Society, he had the Honour of being a Descendant from our noble Welsh Patriot, Owain Glyndwr.

HOLD Feirddion urddasol, sydd budniol ei bod
Ir gwych Ddûc o *Norfolk*, yn glymog rhowch glod
Am Ddweud yn ardderceog ddyn Talog fel Twr
Ei fod o Waedoliaeth; OWAIN GLYNDWR.

Dyna hen Gymro, su'n llunio gwellâd;
Un hynod iw ddeffol, i amddiffyn ei wlad
Ei yr, oedd ai Saethau yn gwen yn y gwynt
I ddiffodd gorthrymder, hen gaethder oedd gynt.

E w dd y Brenhin a'i Fyddin oedd fawr,
Ar led'r lladd Cymru, ai llethu nhw ir llawr,
Nid oedd ganddo gwedyn, iw ganlyn, un gwyr,
Oedd deilwng i daro ac OWAIN GLYNDWR.

Rhyfela am gyfiownder; a'ihyder ei hun
(Rhyfedd) am RYDDID gadernid y Dyn.
Mae 'n gwladwr o *Norfolk* un enwogiawn wr;
O ran medewl! yn debyg, I OWAIN GLYNDWR.

I. I. Glan y Gors.

Llundain, Mawrth 15.